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PLAYGIRL advisor

FOR WOMEN AND MEN

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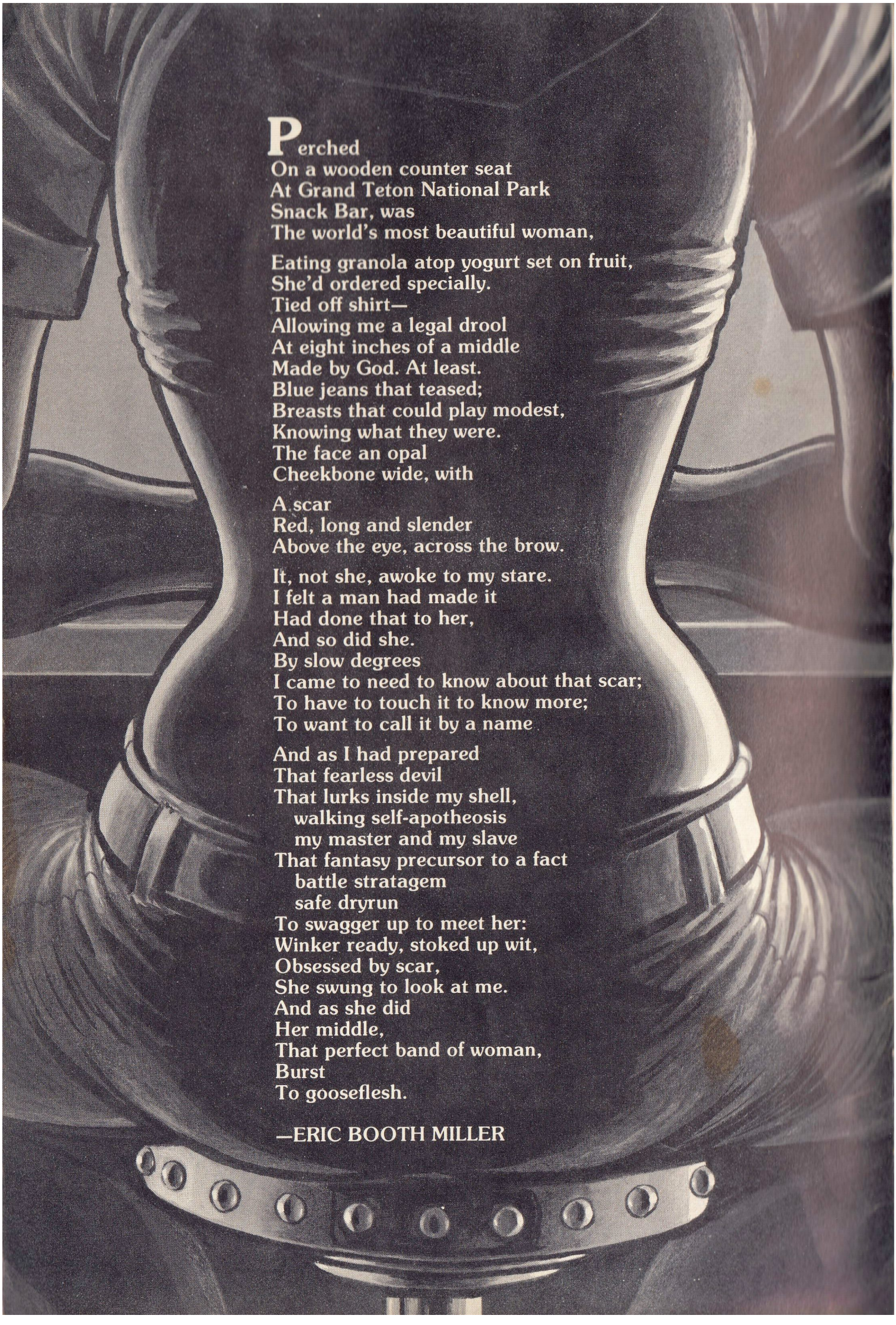
Breast Feeding:
THE SUCKLING SENSATION



Perched
On a wooden counter seat
At Grand Teton National Park
Snack Bar, was
The world's most beautiful woman,

Eating granola atop yogurt set on fruit,
She'd ordered specially.
Tied off shirt—
Allowing me a legal drool
At eight inches of a middle
Made by God. At least.
Blue jeans that teased;
Breasts that could play modest,
Knowing what they were.
The face an opal
Cheekbone wide, with

A scar
Red, long and slender
Above the eye, across the brow.

It, not she, awoke to my stare.
I felt a man had made it
Had done that to her,
And so did she.
By slow degrees
I came to need to know about that scar;
To have to touch it to know more;
To want to call it by a name

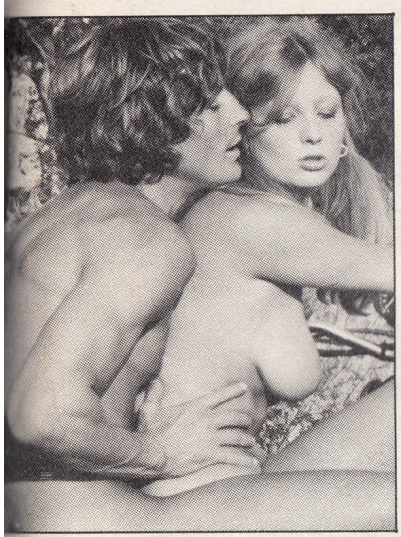
And as I had prepared
That fearless devil
That lurks inside my shell,
  walking self-apotheosis
  my master and my slave
That fantasy precursor to a fact
  battle stratagem
  safe dryrun
To swagger up to meet her:
Winker ready, stoked up wit,
Obsessed by scar,
She swung to look at me.
And as she did
Her middle,
That perfect band of woman,
Burst
To gooseflesh.

—ERIC BOOTH MILLER

advisor

THE JOURNAL OF HUMAN SEXUALITY

VOL. II, NO. 5 MAY 1977



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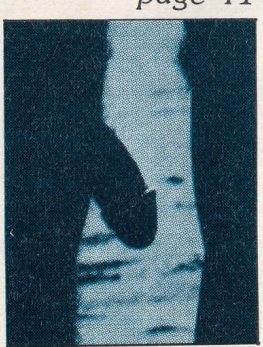

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COVER: Photography by Robert Elias

my turn

THE TRANSSEXUAL TRAUMA

As author Vernon Howard has pointed out, "All varieties of mental pain—anxiety, despair, depression—spring from the difference between your real self and the self you think you should be." Once you understand that statement, you can begin to grasp the problems of transsexuals, as described by Canary Conn (see page 26).

Transsexuals are individuals who somehow end up with the biology of one sex and the psychology of the other. The difference between what they are and what they want to be is just about as big as you can imagine, and the problems that come from that difference are of equal dimensions.

Each transsexual has to choose one of these options: living as anatomy dictates (most try this one, but find it impossible); living as gender—the sense of femaleness or maleness—dictates (those adopting this strategy constantly fear the embarrassment and rejection that would occur if their "secret" were discovered); changing their anatomy, through extensive and expensive medical procedures, to match their gender (a long and painful process that requires enormous personal and financial resources). The other logical option—altering gender identity to fit anatomy—is not possible. Even the most competent and extensive psychotherapy cannot help once the process of gender identification is complete, usually around the age of three years.

All of these options are rotten. Each involves years of personal suffering as the transsexual tries to achieve the female or male image society demands; none guarantees that the transsexual will be much happier after choosing than before. Many transsexuals become suicidal or suicides.

Transsexual life is only slightly better now than it was in 1953 when Christine Jorgensen made headlines by telling the world about sex change operations. Thanks to Henry Benjamin's courageous work at Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore, there are about half a dozen medical facilities in this country that offer complete professional programs for the transsexual's transformation. Thanks to the ungodly cost of medical care in America, most transsexuals must still face the frightening ordeal of major and irreversible surgery in a foreign country. They must place themselves in the hands of an unfamiliar doctor whose assistants rarely speak English or offer any support.

During the last quarter century, while most Americans have ignored transsexualism (mistaking it for a new phenomenon and hoping it would go away), the transsexuals have started to take control of their collective future. Following the model of other minority groups, they have banded together to work toward important goals. Regional and national newsletters help transsexuals stay in touch with each other and with pertinent medical developments; social clubs provide opportunities to meet others who share this unusual sexstyle; legal organizations fight for full social and civil rights; programs for the general public help straight people understand this sexual phenomenon.

That understanding may be the most important goal of all because it's the only path to the social acceptance of transsexualism, and social acceptance is the only way to reduce the transsexual's trauma.

Joyce Dudney Fleming: Editor

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SHORT SHORTS

REPORTED BY JODY GAYLIN

EVE'S GARDEN

Eve, the woman who bit the apple and started the whole sex thing, has had a store named in her honor, and it's quite appropriately devoted "solely to extending the sexual pleasure of women."

According to creator and owner Dell Williams, Eve's Garden "is a place where women can have access to erotic products and information about them with dignity." EG carries a variety of vibrators, love oils, body lotions, erotic jewelry, incense, atmospheric candles, T-shirts with messages like "My Body Belongs to Me . . . but I Share," sensual at-home clothes and a wide range of books on women's health and sexuality.

Ms. Williams feels that many of the existing shops selling sexual paraphernalia seem to specialize in male needs and go in heavily for sadomasochistic merchandise. Therefore, EG is run by women for women in a friendly, guilt-free atmosphere that allows females "the space to be honest and candid about their sexuality." Many of their customers are sex therapists, counselors and women recommended to the shop by their doctors.

Eve's Garden is located at 119 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019. They will send a catalogue on request.

CATHOLICS CHALLENGE CHURCH

A group of Roman Catholic men and women believe that what they do in the bedroom has no place in the confessional. They have formed an organization to help "decriminalize" the Church's stand on sex, abortion and artificial means of contraception. Catholic Alternatives, headed by Joan Harriman, recently opened headquarters and a counseling center in Manhattan.

The organization aims to change the Church's position on sexual matters, as well as the way sex education is handled in Catholic schools. They will distribute birth control and provide "nonjudgmental" counseling on contraception and abortion.

As reported by the *New York Times*, Dr. Rosemary Radford Reuther, a feminist and theologian on the organization's board of

directors, stated that "a large proportion of the laity doesn't follow the Church's teaching on birth control." She thinks that the official Church stand might change if contraception were proposed as a means of limiting the demands for abortion.

However, her hopes may be premature. The American bishops of the Roman Catholic Church recently approved (by a vote of 172 to 25) a pastoral letter upholding the Church's prohibition against divorce, artificial contraception, abortion, extramarital and premarital sex and homosexual acts.

Although some bishops maintained that the letter shows little compassion for Catholics who find it difficult to obey the Church's rules on sexual matters and divorce, they voted to uphold the Vatican's Declaration on Sexual Ethics issued last year. Apparently the bishops don't regard the pleas for change and the evidence that Catholics are increasingly dissatisfied with their church's position as sufficient reason to deviate from Vatican policy.

The letter caused heated debate among the bishops. Some of its statements:

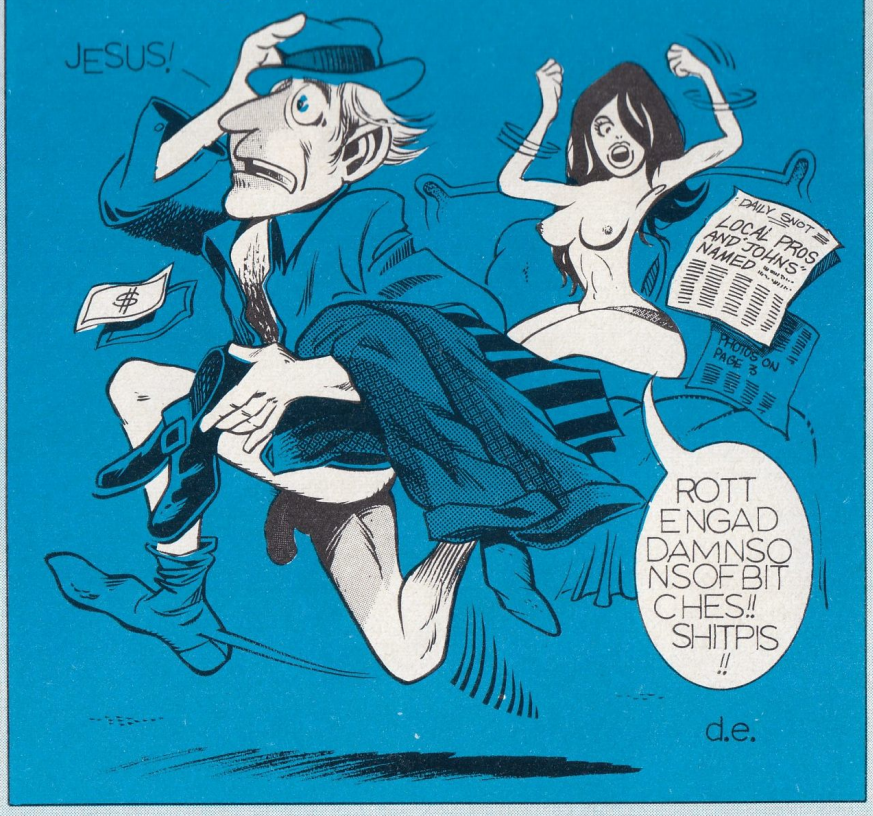
- Sexual intercourse has both "love-giving" and "life-giving" functions and therefore artificial birth control is wrong because it "severs the link" between those meanings.
- Homosexual acts are wrong but homosexual orientation itself is not sinful. "Homosexuals should not suffer from prejudice against their basic human rights...and the Christian community should provide them with love."

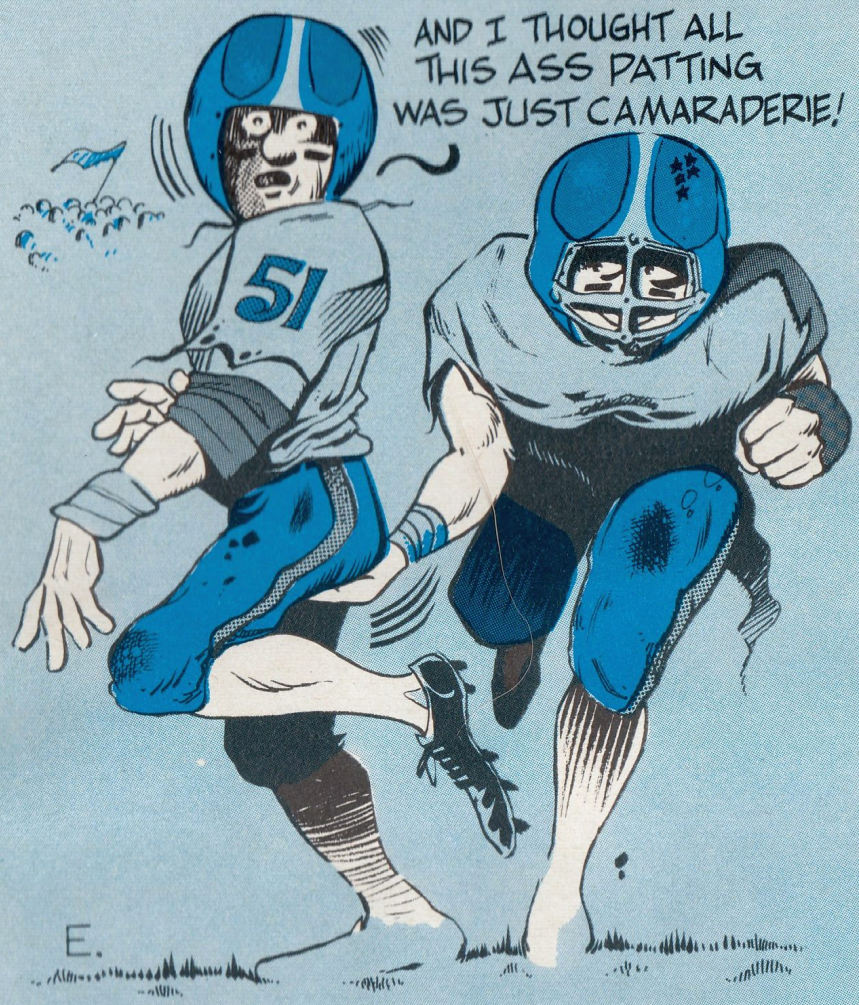
The bishops stood firm on the Church's anti-divorce stand, encouraging couples to seek annulments instead. However, more and more Catholics are seeking divorce as well as remarriage, while fewer and fewer comply with the Vatican's dictates on birth control.

Rave Reviews

The *Detroit News* publishes an unusual list of names in their Wednesday and Sunday editions — the names of convicted prostitutes and "johns," potential customers arrested when they approached undercover policewomen. During the first two weeks, the list included a dozen men and close to 40 women, none of whom were thrilled with the unsolicited publicity.

Martin Hayden, chief editor of the *News*, says, "We've had all sorts of praise — from citizen's groups, top labor union officials, civil rights organizations and ... the Police Department." Some of the newly notorious prostitutes have taken to telephoning the newspaper in foul-mouthed fury. The johns, however, remain silent. "They've had enough. They want to forget about it," says Hayden.





GAY ATHLETES

Suggest that there may be homosexuals among our basketball, football or hockey players and you just might be looking for a fight. Last year reporter Lynn Rosellini triggered a national furor with her four-part series on homosexuality in sports in the *Washington Star*. She interviewed 60 athletes, coaches, officials, psychologists and others across the country. Here are some of her findings:

—About one in 20 professional male athletes in the United States is gay, while the number of female homosexuals in sports may be as high as one in five.

—The anti-gay pressure is so intense in the macho sports world that many male homosexuals maintain a straight cover, complete with wife and kids.

—Gay athletes of both sexes feel that coming out of the closet would cut off their endorsements, hurt their off-season business and ruin their careers.

The public was outraged by the articles and negative letters to the *Star* outnumbered positive ones by a ratio of five to one. Many included comments like "yellow journalism" or "an injustice to the majority of athletes in our country." As reported in *Behavior Today*, the *Star's* ombudsman George Beveridge summed it up this way: "... the raw nerve which Rosellini really hit was, of course, the suggestion that the whole concept of the athlete as a symbol of 'total manhood'—so deeply ingrained in organized sports ... just might be open to serious question."

Recently two university researchers ran a survey which uncovered an even higher proportion of gay men in college sports. Psychologist Richard W. Smith and athlete Brian Garner at California State University, Northridge, talked to 82 male athletes at five western universities. They found 54 percent of the sportsmen have had two or more homosexual experiences in the past two years. The researchers were so startled by their findings that they "used every stratagem in the book" to reduce this figure because they felt it must be too high.

But even after they had recomputed their statistics and eliminated several experiences which would not necessarily be homosexual in nature, one-third of the athletes—27 of the 82—qualified for the gay label. These men had performed either anal or oral sex to orgasm with another man at least twice in the past two years.

continued on page 8

"Total fulfillment is wonderful- I feel sorry for any woman who does not experience it."

Susan L. Gould

Q. Sue, what prompted you to explore your potential for fulfullment as a woman? Why did you go into a PC muscle development program.

A. *After three years of happy marriage, I had to have an operation which scarred me mentally as well as physically.*

A high percentage of American women suffer unwanted as well as unnecessary operations which in many cases, causes uncertainty about being able to fulfill their potential as a woman.

Q. Did the operation cause a lack of sexual response or loss of physical feeling?

A. *Yes. It seems I became less responsive and my husband started feeling that it was his fault, of course, that didn't make me feel any better about myself. I wanted pleasure for both of us.*

The divorce rate is staggering. Nationally it's over 40%. Most divorces are filed based on irreconcilable differences or incompatibility. Research shows often its bedroom boredom that is the real cause.

Q. How did you change the situation?

A. *I read all sorts of books and articles as well as talked to several doctors. I was determined – I realized that I could improve the situation if I really wanted to – and believe me, I wanted to. I learned the importance of PC muscle development, the advantages and rewards.*

Dr. Arnold Kegel, a professor of gynecology at the University of Southern California, pioneered the now nationally accepted pubococcygeus or PC muscle development program as a definite aid to sexual improvement as well as many other female problems such as weak bladders (20% of American women have urinary leakage problems), constipation, figure control and in many cases, a definite aid to help eliminate surgery. Dr. Kegel proved the PC muscle contains thousands of nerve endings whereas the vagina has none, and when contracted, creates a very intense response. We have expanded this theory into a realistic and easy PC exercise, aided by using the Gynecizer. (You do not have to disrobe to use it.)

Q. What do you think of the GYNECIZER and our suggested exercises?

A. *Fantastic! It's so easy to use and the results are almost immediate. I've experienced a whole new world of enjoyment and pleasure. The relationship with my husband has become much much stronger and the joy of total fulfillment is wonderful. I feel sorry for any woman who does not experience it.*

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SEX ED VETOED

When journalism students at Chino High School, California, ran an article on oral contraceptives in the school paper, they ran into big trouble.

Apparently school officials thought the story was too risqué for such tender young minds, so they set up a committee to review future articles.

As reported in the Pomona *Progress Bulletin*, the journalism students had planned to run a series of articles on subjects such as premarital sex, rape, abortion, venereal disease and alcoholism. The article on oral contraceptives was the first in the series.

When the review committee read the second article on premarital sex, they thought it "verged on the obscene." As a result, school board Superintendent Royce Lapp cancelled the entire series.

The students were furious, feeling they'd been betrayed by Lapp. They hadn't written the articles with the intention of promoting sexual activity. According to News Editor Bev Goodrich, "The school board doesn't realize that we face (these problems) at school all the time." All the students wanted to do was provide their peers with sound information on these issues.

The students aren't taking this lightly. They are looking into what legal action they might take against this form of censorship and are also planning school seminars dealing with the forbidden subjects. ◔

CONTRACEPTIVE TRENDS

The Food and Drug Administration (FDA) has proposed that all pharmacies and drug companies give consumers and physicians expanded information about oral contraceptives.

Pharmacists will have to give all customers purchasing oral contraceptives a brochure detailing the risks and advantages of taking the drug. Drug companies will be required to give further information on the Pill packages.

The FDA has asked for public comment on the wording of the brochures and packages in the hope of avoiding complicated medical jargon that's not intelligible to the consumer.

Another development on the contraceptive front is the FDA's pending decision on a drug that gives three months of protection with one injection. The contraceptive, Depo Provera, has been effective in clinical tests.

A Ralph Nader-sponsored consumer group, however, has raised questions about the drug's capacity to cause prolonged infertility and/or breast cancer. Until it was linked to limb and heart abnormalities, Depo Provera was given to pregnant women to prevent miscarriages.

According to FDA spokesperson Wayne Pines, "there will be some long, hard thinking before any decision is made as to whether there's a need for it, (or) whether there should be more study." So it may be some time before women can give up their pills for a shot. ◔

Not So Gay, Anymore

While some homosexual couples clamor (in vain) to be legally married, two gay men are seeking an annulment.

David McCord and David Zamora were issued a marriage license by Boulder Colorado County Clerk Clela Rorex in March 1975. (McCord and Zamora had been unofficially married by the Metropolitan Community Church of Los Angeles in 1974.) Then last fall McCord filed a petition requesting that the marriage be declared invalid on grounds of "misrepresentation of the respondent which...goes to the essence of the marriage."

If the courts refuse to grant the annulment, McCord could seek divorce or a declaratory judgement voiding the marriage license. If the case is thrown out, the legal status of gay marriages will remain unresolved in the Colorado courts. ◔

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- How to get over your shyness and begin saying and doing those things you've always wanted to. (The author explains how this helps make you infinitely more attractive to other people.)
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His books have been read by millions and he has an entire file bulging with "thank you" letters from people his books have helped to find the lasting relationships they'd been searching for.

Eric has appeared on To Tell The Truth, What's My Line, and scores of other TV and radio shows around the country. His books have been reviewed and discussed at length on such prestigious TV shows as Johnny Carson's Tonight Show, Tom Snyder's Tomorrow Show, and in such well-respected publications as The Los Angeles Times, Parent's Magazine, Moneysworth, Avant Garde, and many, many more.

Now Eric Weber brings you his most helpful book of all. GETTING TOGETHER. Never has there been a book that more clearly and thoroughly shows you how to meet and attract new people.

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- **How to feel really good about yourself even if you usually think of yourself as dull or unattractive.**
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- **Why you may unconsciously be dressing in a dull lustreless way, and how to instantly correct this with color, flair and excitement.**
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advice

COUNSEL BY LEONORE TIEFER, PhD

UP OR DOWN?

I have a small problem as follows. I have two step-sons, ages eight and six. The older boy asked me a question the other day which I am passing on to you, since I couldn't figure out how to answer it. He told me that his real father told him to tuck his penis down his pants leg, but that now he observes that I just leave it natural, that is up. He wanted to know which way is right, and why. Now, I thought everyone did it my way (i.e., up) and so I was really surprised. Which way is right? **R.S.**
South Tom's River, NJ

The correct way is whichever feels the most comfortable. If one wears boxer shorts, then there isn't much choice—gravity will make the decision for you. If you wear briefs, however, then just kind of collapsing the penis towards the body so that the glans faces out rather than down is an option, and comfortable for many.

I was curious to see what the frequency of adoption of each style is, so I asked the 200 college students in a human sexuality class I teach to tell me either (if they were male) which preference they held, or (if they were female) which preference was held by a male they knew well enough to have observed this behavior. To my surprise, the class voted approximately 50 percent for the "down" position and 50 percent for the "up" position. In retrospect, I am not entirely certain that everyone had the same image of "up" as everyone else, but I do feel confident that there is some diversity in individuals' decisions on this matter.

A WHOLE NEW BALL GAME

This isn't a problem of mine (thank goodness, I have enough of my own!), but I'm kind of curious, anyway. What do you think of the Dr. Renee Richards business? Do you think a transsexual who has changed from a man to a woman ought to be allowed to play in women's tennis tournaments? **L.W.**
Milwaukee, WI

Let me begin by listing the elements of the sex change procedure and operation that Dr. Richards presumably underwent. She started dressing as a woman years ago. She began the course of hormone treatments that functionally castrated her (that is, made the male hormone output of her testes useless) and fostered the development of female secondary sex characteristics (e.g., breasts, loss of some body hair, change of fat deposition to make the contours of her body more feminine, reduction in the mass of muscles as a result of the loss of the male hormone which causes greater development of many muscles). She changed many of her documents to have a female name and sex (some states permit changing of the birth certificate after the final surgery is complete; other states will not permit this).

*(Canary Conn, a transsexual, describes her transformation from man to woman—**See page 26.)*

Finally, in surgery that is sometimes performed as a one-step operation and sometimes requires more than one operation, she had the penis and testes re-

moved, the scrotum altered to look like the labia of a woman, and a vagina created. The internal male organs (e.g., prostate, seminal vesicles) remain in place, but because of the loss of male hormone from the testes removal they shrink in size. There is neither a uterus nor ovaries. The postoperative transsexual will never menstruate, nor is she capable either of becoming pregnant or of impregnating anyone else. The change of voice that occurs at puberty in males is not reversible through hormonal treatment, but many transsexuals take voice lessons to raise their voices. As I mentioned, there is some change in hair distribution, but many transsexuals undergo long hours of electrolysis. There is no change in the chromosomes in any cell in the body.

Postoperatively, therefore, Dr. Richards is a woman—legally (depending on what state she is in), socially, anatomically (externally, at least), and hormonally (she continues to take the female hormone pills or injections throughout her life). Genetically (chromosomally), she will always be male.

Now, what should the criteria be for participation in a females-only tennis tournament? Billie Jean King has been quoted as saying that the advantage Dr. Richards had in playing with and competing against men in her earlier tennis career is an advantage that disqualifies her from females-only competition. Others, less knowledgeable about the changes induced by sex-reassignment surgery, have suggested that she still has the muscles and strength of a man, and therefore ought not to qualify. This latter argument is debatable, since the muscle mass and strength is dependent on a continuing source of a male hormone. There is, however, some reason to think that even after the removal of male hormones, the postoperative transsexual retains a greater strength and muscle volume than a woman could acquire without male hormone exposure at some time in her life.

Thus, biologically, she is somewhere between the average man and woman in the number of characteristics of each sex that she possesses, although clearly a simple count of characteristics would put her in the female category (if there are only two categories available!).

My feeling is that forcing people into categories based on sex is rarely, if ever, a useful division, and that people ought to qualify for particular jobs, athletic competition, and awards on the basis of ability and talent. Why not, therefore, develop a way of testing an individual's ability and placing him or her into an appropriate category? Then, Dr. Richards would compete against individuals similar to herself in strength, reach, speed, and various other objective measures of ability. Due to her previous practice, she might have an added advantage, but no one would be able to claim that it was for physiological reasons.

I must add that competitive sports have never done much for me, and that the notion of parallel categories based on an individual's ability and talent, without "best of all" but rather "best of class" awards being made, would suit my concerns more.

If there are only two categories, however, in competitive tennis—male and female—I guess I think Dr. Richards ought to be allowed to compete in the female category. She's chosen that sex, she's done more to be a member of it than most others would even consider, so she ought to have all the rights and privileges that pertain to it.

FOREWARNED

I am an uncircumcised 22-year-old male. I went to a couple of doctors at different times to ask them about circumcision, and they both said it isn't necessary. But I tried having sex and it was very painful after I got an erection. I wasn't able to go all the way with it. The foreskin of my penis went back, but very slowly and painfully.

One doctor told me to push the skin back and forth at night until it got loosened up. But the problem is that there is no pain and no difficulty moving the foreskin back and forth when the penis is

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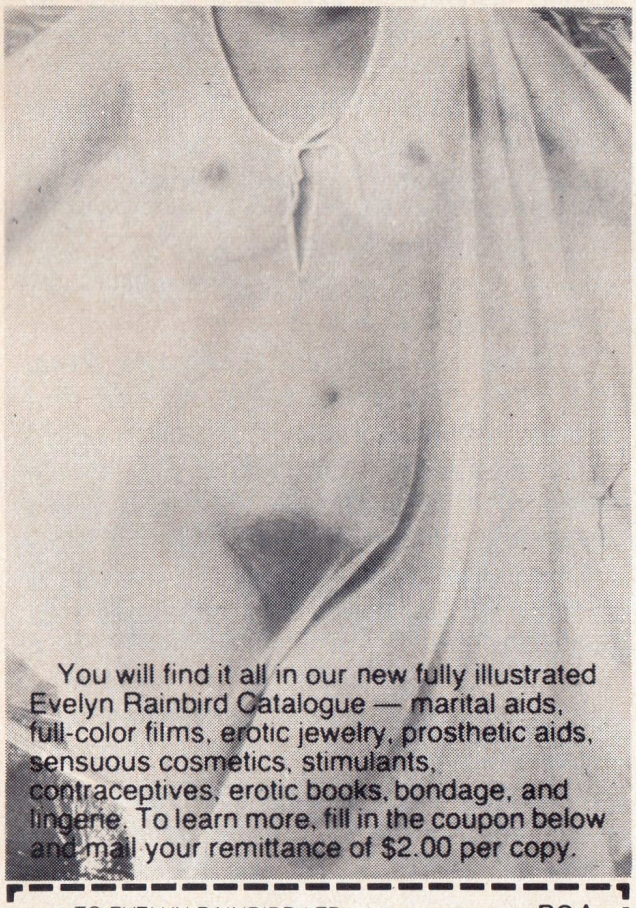

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not erect. The pain only happens when I get erect. The only time the doctor's examine me is when I don't have an erection, so maybe that's why they haven't been able to solve my problem.

B.C.
New York, NY

There are several possibilities for the difficulty you are having, and your doctor ought to be able to easily diagnose the precise cause of your problem. One possibility is that there may have been an accumulation of what is called "smegma" underneath the foreskin of the penis, leading to some sort of infection. This, in and of itself, could cause pain during movement of the foreskin over the glans of the penis.

Another possibility is that you might have had some sort of infection that healed, leaving scar tissue beneath the foreskin, perhaps causing it to adhere to the glans of the penis. This, too, would make retraction of the foreskin difficult and painful.

Finally, there are some individuals whose foreskins are simply too tight to be pulled back. Sometimes the foreskin cannot be retracted (pulled back) at all, and in other cases (such as yours) the foreskin can only be pulled back when the penis is flaccid, but not when it is erect.

You should return to your physician and ask for clarification of your condition. I cannot imagine what your doctor had in mind when he said a "change" would accompany circumcision. There is no documentation I know of for individuals experiencing any sort of sexual changes after circumcision, and I don't know of any physiological or anatomical ones either, except that you'll have lost an ounce of skin.

GAY CAUSES

I am a homosexual. I have accepted the fact that I shall be a lifetime permanent homosexual because I love men sexually and socially. I am more at ease and comfortable with men than I am with women.

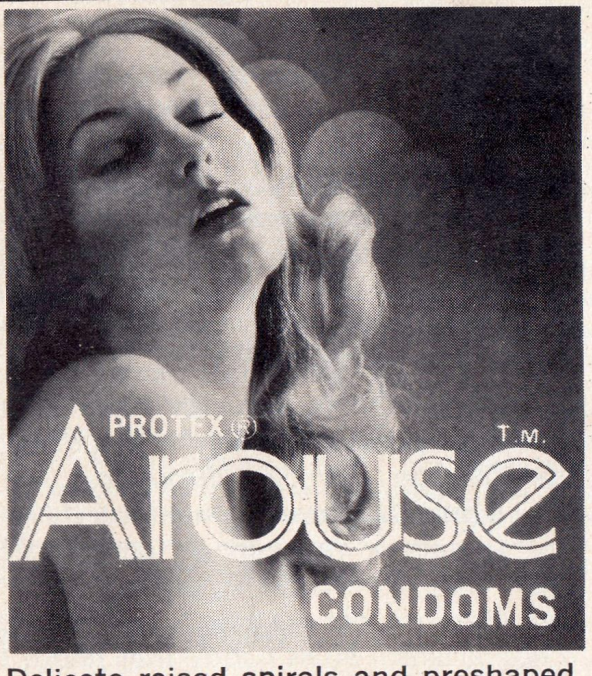
However, there is something that I

would like you to answer for me. Is homosexuality caused because a man is more like a woman and is therefore attracted to another man? I am afraid that I have more female hormones and characteristics than a man. I'm glad that I'm a man, but I still have this question. **R.H.**
Lexington, KY

There are many theories on what "causes" homosexuality, just as there are many theories on how someone ends up being an exclusive heterosexual or a bisexual. Most of the studies that have looked for biological or biochemical differences between homosexuals and heterosexuals have not found any, although there are some studies that have in fact shown differences. Even these studies, however, cannot tell us whether the hormonal differences exist as a ***cause*** *of the homosexuality or as a* ***consequence*** *of it.*

Let me explain. Sex hormones are produced in greater or lesser quantity in response to a number of factors, one of which is the amount of stress (anxiety, worry, physical effort) a person experiences. An increase in stress results in a decrease in male hormone production. Some scientists have therefore suggested that the reason some of the homosexual/heterosexual hormone comparison studies have shown homosexuals to be producing less male hormone is because in our society homosexuals are under a great deal of stress and tension about their sexual preference. Thus, these scientists suggest, the hormone difference did not ***cause*** *the sexual preference difference, but rather it is a societally-caused* ***consequence*** *of that difference.*

A male individual with an excess of female hormones will have a number of outward physical signs to indicate this problem. Enlarged breast development, a change in the fat distribution of the body toward a more "feminine" shape, and a decrease in the amount of body hair are the three most obvious ones that come to



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mind. The vast majority of homosexuals do not have any such hormone imbalance, and many of the patients with such hormone imbalance are firmly heterosexual.

So, the current thinking is that homosexuality is primarily a result of the various experiences one has during one's life—with parents, relatives, friends, teachers, other contacts made during growing up, as well as the message one gives oneself in an effort to develop a unique identity. These are the same elements that go into the development of a heterosexual or a bisexual. It's just that the content of experiences and messages tends to be different. There is a lot of interesting research taking place in this field, and perhaps in a few years we will know more about the origins of sexual preferences. My best guess is that the biological contributions to such preferences will ultimately be assessed as inconsequential.

SOLO LOVE MACHINE

I was a virgin when I married my husband, but he had had lots of experience. I learned quickly never to refuse him or any ideas he had about things to try. One night he said he was too tired for sex, but much to my surprise, I later caught him masturbating. He explained it wasn't anything to worry about and I believed him.

I then noticed that whenever he was watching TV or reading, he would fondle and stroke his penis.

Well, over the last couple of years his sex urge dropped lower and lower. I asked him to stop masturbating, figuring it was killing his urge for me. I even tried to be more aggressive, but that didn't work, he just kept refusing me. He was a flirt on the street, and I'm pretty sure he was unfaithful, but he kept saying he loved me and that I was all he wanted. Meanwhile, our sex together was down to once a week, with me doing all the initiating.

Two months ago I was making breakfast, and I went in to call him, and there he was, masturbating again. This was the last time I would put up with this. Here I am always wanting it and he's doing it alone! This time he said he was in a hurry and that masturbating only took him a few minutes and he didn't have time for the whole deal with me.

Well, I've found someone who has time for me, and my husband and I are no longer living together. I'm happy with my new life, and it turns out my husband was not a very good lover even though I didn't know it at the time.

I don't want my husband back, I'd just like to understand what kind of a man I was married to. Was I to blame? Is he a homosexual?

D.L.
Brooklyn, NY

Many people continue to masturbate after marriage, with no effects on the attraction they feel for their spouse, nor on the frequency with which they desire sexual intercourse. Others, unable to enjoy sexual intercourse with their partner, use masturbation as a release for their sexual desires, or merely as the only outlet they are comfortable utilizing.

It is impossible for me to know merely from your letter whether your husband masturbated more than average, whether he was truly comfortable in the heterosexual experiences you shared together, or whether anything you may or may not have done contributed to the decline in your sex life together and the apparent increase in his masturbation.

Do keep in mind, however, that masturbation is a pleasurable activity that there is every reason to practice throughout one's life—it provides forms of mental and physical sensation that can be quite unlike those experienced during sex with a partner. Many people are able to think of it as a hobby which by its nature they prefer to practice alone. It doesn't detract from their other sexual experiences, just the way eating a juicy ripe plum is a terrific thing to do. Except perhaps for immediately afterward, it has no effect on one's enjoyment of a juicy ripe peach.

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I want to try anal intercourse real badly, but it always hurts too much. We usually don't try it until we're both really excited and I feel like I want him in my rear more than anything. His penis is usually covered with secretions from my vagina, but it still won't go in. Am I just too small? **F.L.**
Buffalo, NY

The lubrication you are using is insufficient for a person as inexperienced with anal penetration as you are. Even those who engage in anal sex repeatedly frequently use massive amounts of petroleum jelly or sterile lubricant (e.g., "K-Y" jelly) on both the penis and the anal orifice.

In addition to using much lubrication, you should practice dilating the anal orifice a little before you attempt penetration. Have your friend insert a finger in your rectum, and get used to that feeling. (Make sure his nails are cut short to prevent damaging the delicate mucosal lining.) Then have him try two fingers, and so forth. Each time, you will be stretching the walls and the orifice so that they will become used to the feelings and capable of expanding more without discomfort.

Keep in mind that the rear passage is far less elastic than the vagina, and that even studious attention to these instructions will not eliminate all pain. But if you are very excited by both the thought of and the act of anal intercourse, then you will probably be able to try it out. Make sure that your friend is responsive to your feelings, and that he will not force himself into you before you are ready. A very gradual insertion is required until you are quite used to the experience.

THE PAST ISN'T PAST

I'm 23 years old and have had many sexual encounters. I'm single, enjoy sex a lot and have no trouble with orgasm. But this hasn't always been true. I left home at 15, with some very bad hang-ups about

continued on page 18

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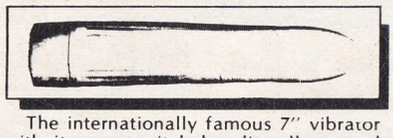

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sex. I'm sure that these hang-ups came from my mother. She had been married five times before I left home and had sex with many men in addition to her husbands.

When I left home, I started having a lot of one-night stands. I hated myself and thought I was some kind of freak, like my mother. I would go to bed with a man and when he would come to see me again I wouldn't answer the door. I would actually hide in the closet and pray for him to go away.

I'm proud to say I'm not like this any more. In the last two years I've come to accept myself and believe that sex is normal and beautiful. I still don't feel right about going to bed with so many men, though—I must have my mother's record beat by this point.

Recently I've met a guy who's become very important to me. He's the only man I want, both emotionally and physically. The problem is that I can't climax with him. He treats me better than any man ever has before, and I love being with him. But I think that climax is important and I want to enjoy it with the man I love.

There's also another problem. We've only been seeing each other a short time. Today a friend of his told him that he has seen me around and that I like to play. My boy friend replied that I was his baby now and hands off! He told me this story, and then told me how happy he was with me. I told him I was very happy, too. I got worried, though, because I'm afraid that some other person may say something about my past. Would it be better if I told him more about myself before someone else does?

A.F.
Anchorage, AK

I'm glad that you've been able to put many of the sadder elements of your past behind you, but from the sound of things you're not quite out of the woods yet. Let's deal first with the issue of your checkered history coming to the attention of your new boy friend. From the little you say, he sounds understanding and generous, and willing to accept the fact that people these days come to new relationships with a variety of different backgrounds and types of sexual experience. More and more we shall all have to show increased tolerance to each other, and refrain from jealousy and recriminations over what's gone on in the past.

I see no need to unburden yourself of many painful memories, especially since your new friend seems to take casual comments from others in stride. It rather sounds as if you want to "confess" it all to him and somehow be forgiven. This would be awkward and complicated, as I'm sure you can imagine. It might ease your apprehension to suggest to him that you had a number of previous lovers (how else, after all, would you have learned how to be so good with him, or to appreciate his fine qualities!) and that you sometimes worry that one of them might make some tasteless comment about you. With any luck, your boy friend will become angry at the mere thought, and will be prepared to rise to your defense should anything ever be said.

The other problem, the one about orgasms, is more difficult to speak to. You haven't told me anything about the techniques you use, or how much you feel aroused in the situation, or what makes it different from the times when you did experience orgasm. It would be cheap and easy for me to say "Aha! A classic case of the woman raised to disrespect herself and her sexuality. It's no wonder she finds herself unable to climax with the one 'nice guy' she finally gets together with." It is possible that some of your leftover feelings about yourself and your mother are important contributors to your present difficulties. But there's really no way of knowing that, and without a lot more information I hesitate to speculate further.

It may well be that as you become more secure in the present relationship your difficulty will evaporate. Once a woman knows how to achieve orgasm during intercourse, there is every hope that she can transfer that ability to new situations. Be imaginative, try to recall how you were

continued on page 20

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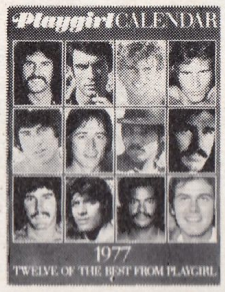

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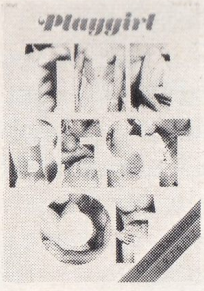

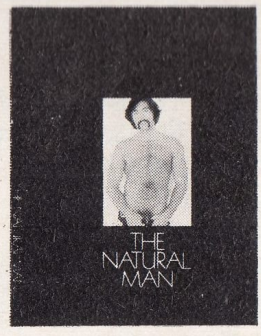

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orgasmic before, and don't worry too much about this. If time and experimentation don't take care of it, then perhaps a few sessions with a professional to clarify your feelings about yourself and sexuality might be a good idea.

PAIN

I have had a hysterectomy and it's very painful for me and my husband to have intercourse. We have tried just about everything, but to no avail. Can you suggest anything? **R.B.**
Nottingham, PA

To know what to suggest, I have to know what, where, when, and how intercourse is painful for you. Is the entry of the penis painful? Is the thrusting painful? Is the beginning OK, but after a while it begins to get sore? Do you lubricate? Is it possible that you have some sort of vaginal infection that is causing the pain, and that it has nothing to do with the hysterectomy?

Consult your family physician or the doctor who performed the surgery to get his or her opinion on this. Some women find that changing intercourse positions to ones requiring a less deep thrust alleviates their discomfort after a hysterectomy. There's no standard reason why you should be experiencing discomfort. It may have to do with shortening of the vagina, which occasionally occurs after a hysterectomy. But it may be due to something else entirely. Only your doctor can tell you for sure.

THE ALMOST ORGASM

I'm a 21-year-old woman living with a 37-year-old man. We love each other although we are not in love. I've had three bad marriages and have one child. J.C. (my boy friend) was married once and has three children. But the kids aren't the problem—they're great!

I've never really had an orgasm in my entire life. I get so close my body will start shaking and my breath gets short. But that's as far as I can go. I think I have a normal sex drive. I think about J.C. and look forward to sex with him.

I'm afraid that my inability to release all the way will break us up. I can't fake it because our relationship is too open. We talk about everything together and really share our feelings. We've found that if we smoke a little pot before making love it heightens our feelings, but I still don't come.

J.C. has done everything he knows and everything I've asked him to do, but nothing seems to help. The only thing he won't do is let me go down on him. I know when he was younger he had an experience with a man who went down on him, so I can understand the hang-up. But I enjoy pleasing him and I know it would be pleasing to us both, perhaps to the point of a real orgasm for me.

How do I get him to talk about it? If I talk about my problem, will he loosen up and talk about his? I have great feelings for this guy, but I'm afraid I'll end up pushing him away as I have three others if I can't find an end to this frustration. **L.M.**
Riviera Beach, FL

One of the most fascinating aspects of human sexuality is the diverse way different individuals manage to come to the same problem. People ask me sometimes if I am running out of questions, and my answer is that I won't run out of questions until people stop sending them in—that two problems may sound alike, but they never are. Yours is one of many, many letters I receive dealing with a woman's lack of orgasmic experience, and I have in fact answered a number of them in previous months. But how each person's life led to whatever problem she or he presently has, what has been tried to overcome the problem, and how each person feels about the problem—well, no two stories are ever the same.

It seems unlikely to me that you would experience an orgasm merely from going down on your lover; very few women are able to come that way. Why do you think

continued on page 22

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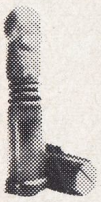

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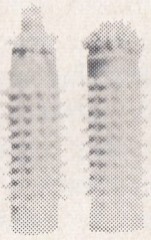

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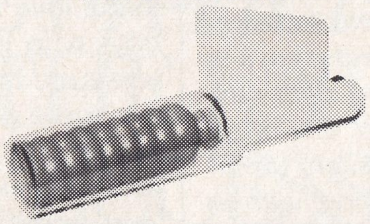

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this experience would be successful for you?

Second, what do you mean by saying that you're afraid you'll "end up pushing him away as I have three others?" Are you telling me that your relationships collapse over this issue? Neither anger nor defensiveness is a useful reaction to inability to experience orgasm. Rather, a reasonable analysis of what you do in the sexual situation and what messages you give yourself about your performance will lead to a plan of coping that will ultimately pay off.

One of the standard methods of dealing with women who have never experienced orgasm is to teach them how to masturbate to orgasm. Once they have learned what the orgasmic experience is for them, and what techniques work to bring them to that experience, they can share this information with lovers. They can learn how to control the rhythm and focus of genital stimulation (manual, oral or intravaginal) to their own advantage during sex play with their partners. Lacking all knowledge of how to achieve orgasm, it is often difficult to acquire the necessary techniques merely by experimenting with a lover. Let me ask you, therefore, how you feel about masturbation, and whether you would feel comfortable taking time and energy to teach yourself about your own sexual responsiveness. You can find many useful hints as well as a full discussion of the situation in Lonnie Barbach's fine book **For Yourself: The Fulfillment of Female Sexuality** *(Signet paperback).*

Finally, you must realize that the harder you try to come the more difficult it is. The more you worry about how well you are doing and whether you are coming closer, the less close you will be able to come. Orgasm is neither necessary nor sufficient for rewarding sexual experiences, but worrying about it can remove pleasure as effectively as a cold shower. Since you and J.C. are open with each other, perhaps you could benefit from talking together with a sex therapist and practicing some of the exercises made famous by Masters and Johnson (and discussed in Barbach's book). But see how you feel about masturbating, first. That may be something you've never thought of that might be very useful.

PROFESSOR LOVE

I have this problem that's been with me almost ever since this semester in college began. I have a professor who I would love more than anything to have an affair with. I'm 18 and he's about 35. He's not terribly good looking, really, but he is extremely intelligent and he has enough personality for three people. He's very understanding and willing to talk to students about anything. I love his class, and am doing very well in it.

Unfortunately, he's married, happily married. He has a lovely wife and two cute little boys. I would never want to break this up. But I have this overwhelming desire to make love with him. I'm tired of teenage boys who just waste my time and merely tease my body. I want a man who can do me some good, and I know this one can.

Can you make some suggestions as to what I could do to improve our relationship, and if that doesn't work, how could I deal with the problem otherwise? **D.I.**
Shreveport, LA

It is with relief and conviction that I tell you that the choices are not limited to teenage boys and happily married college professors. (Not that I have anything against either group—it's just that they do not exhaust all the possibilities.)

Why, really, do you think you are obsessed with the desire to make love with this professor? Is it because he, being happily married, will not ask of you a commitment you may fear yourself unable to make? Is it because he, being older, "intelligent," and "understanding," will give you the love and acceptance you yearn for?

In your saner moments, you must recognize the self-destructive nature of this intense desire. You say that you don't

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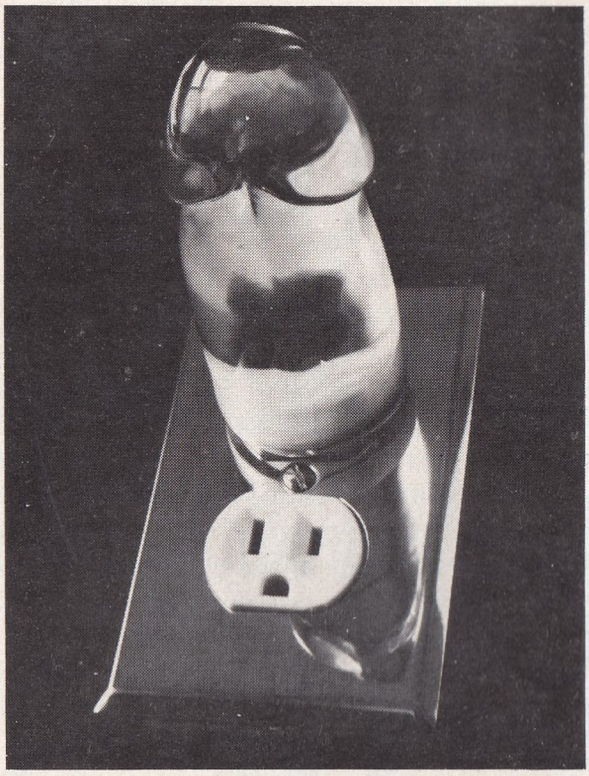

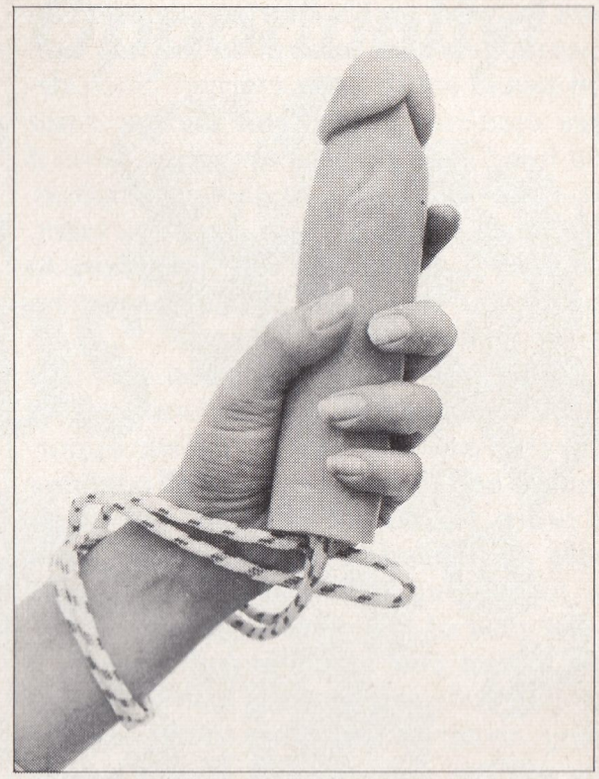

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want to break up his marriage, but do you honestly feel that one roll in the hay with him would satisfy your craving? Such desires escalate, rather than decline, once one has a taste of consummation, even if the taste falls short of the expectation. This tends to be because what you want, and what you think you see, have more to do with your own needs than with anything realistic the situation could offer.

The trouble is that I fear you won't be satisfied with any of the relationships that offer themselves to you as realistic opportunities, and that, rather, you will continue to yearn for something that can never really be fulfilled because it derives from the fantasy rather than reality.

Because of this conviction, my suggestion is that you take the opportunity of being in college to consult with the counseling center in an effort to understand why you are consumed by these desires. As I was told my first day of college, lo these many years ago, "Don't major in psychology if there's something about yourself you want to understand—go to the counseling center."

STARTING OVER

For well over a decade I have suffered from a painful spinal condition that prevented me from engaging in intercourse. A new medical procedure has now provided symptomatic relief that would permit that act, with care. My husband and I, both in our late 50s, are most happy at the prospect.

But we have a problem. Our total abstinence over these many years seems to prevent me from becoming very aroused and my husband fails to get an erection. We both want and need this intimacy, but fail to obtain it. There is now no physical reason preventing us from having it.

Some of the sex magazines we are starting to explore advertise "sure thing aphrodisiacs." I was taught when young that there was no such thing. My husband says the same thing. Our pharmacist claims ignorance. We do not wish to approach a doctor on this subject.

Is there a sure-fire aphrodisiac? If so, can you tell us where to get it? It is our belief that such a thing could put us back on the road of delight we used to share.

E.B.
Minneapolis, MN

It's no wonder that after all this time you are having trouble getting sexy with each other again, but I'm afraid there is no simple little chemical solution to your problem. Although claims for this or that product (herb, chemical) have been made since time immemorial, no scientific study has ever documented reliable aphrodisiac properties for any of the claimants (including marijuana, a current favorite in the competition).

It seems that with drugs, as with so many other aspects of sexuality, the mind is the major sex organ of the body, and if you believe enough in the powers of some particular product, it may well work for you.

I would suggest that you take your time in redeveloping your sexual relationship. Plan not to attempt intercourse for some weeks, during which time you focus on caressing and exploring each other's bodies, with the goal of communicating likes and dislikes openly. In this way, you will develop a repertoire of skills to pleasure one another, and with the pressure to have intercourse removed from the situation you may well find yourself more responsive than you'd imagined. You can't really expect to have remembered all these years what was most pleasing to each of you, so this period of time will allow you to restudy each other as sexual beings. ◑

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Transexual Transformation

THIS WOMAN HAD BALLS

By CANARY CONN

ILLUSTRATION: MARK E. VAN EPPS

(Editor's note: This is the first of four articles on transsexualism. Next month the subject will be female-to-male transsexuals with a special emphasis on a young girl who is about to undertake the most important step of her life. The third in the series focuses on the problems, practical and otherwise, of transsexuals. The final article is a frank account of the love affairs, and sex problems of those who've undergone sex change operations.)

I knew as a child that something was wrong. I knew that I felt uncomfortable in the role that life had chosen for me, I knew that I preferred my sister's clothes to my own, and I knew that I wanted to be alone, and to be away from a world where I felt like an alien.

What I didn't know at the time was that I was a transsexual—a person whose mind and soul are of one sex, while their body is the other. I was a mental female, caught in a man's body, and it was more than 20 years before I escaped completely.

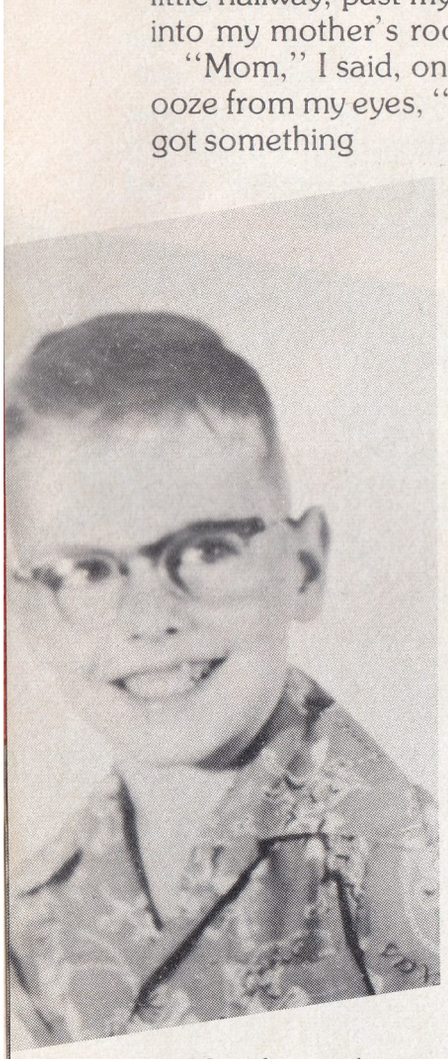
I remember, in my early childhood years, the desire to be alone. The only way I could find peace was by hiding in my grandmother's back bedroom, far from the rest of the family, or in the basement where no one would bother me. This feeling of alienation promoted the still-undefined sense that something was wrong, and the feeling grew throughout my childhood. By adolescence, I had learned to cope with the fear I experienced in

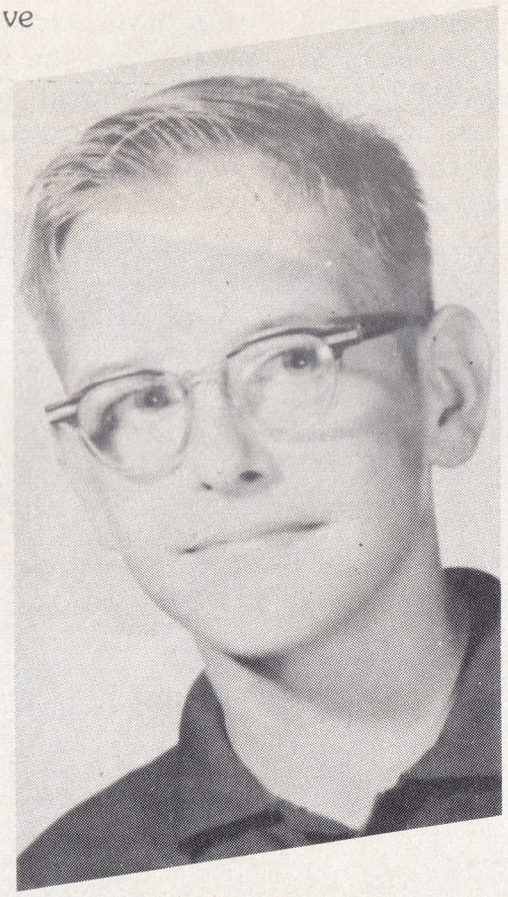
"It seemed no more than a few weeks after I had summoned enough courage to tell my girl friend about me that she informed me she was pregnant. I was stunned. I had just decided that somehow I was going to become a woman, and now I was about to become a father!"

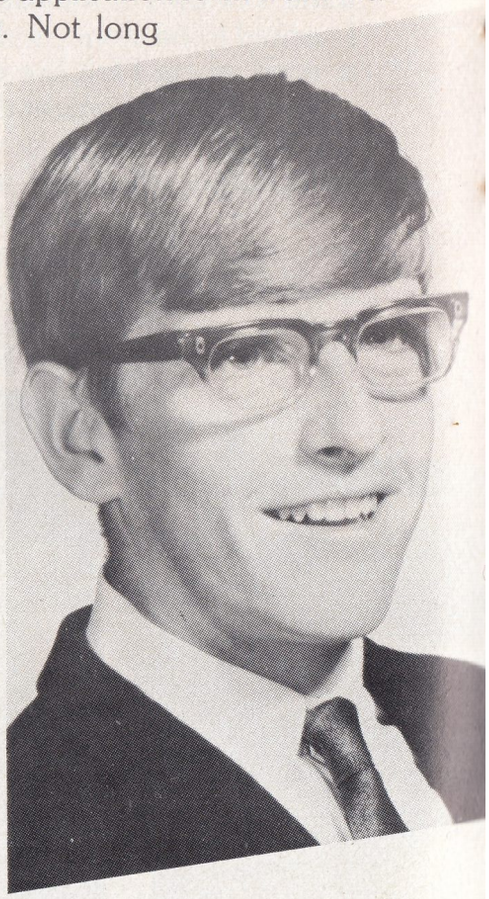
childhood, but there was still the sensation that something was amiss.

At 13 years of age, I confronted the problem. I remember lying on my bed, on a quiet Texas night, fighting back the tears; tears that were shed in anticipation of one of the biggest and most important steps of my life. I walked slowly down the little hallway, past my sleeping sisters, and into my mother's room.

"Mom," I said, once again feeling tears ooze from my eyes, "I've got something to tell you."





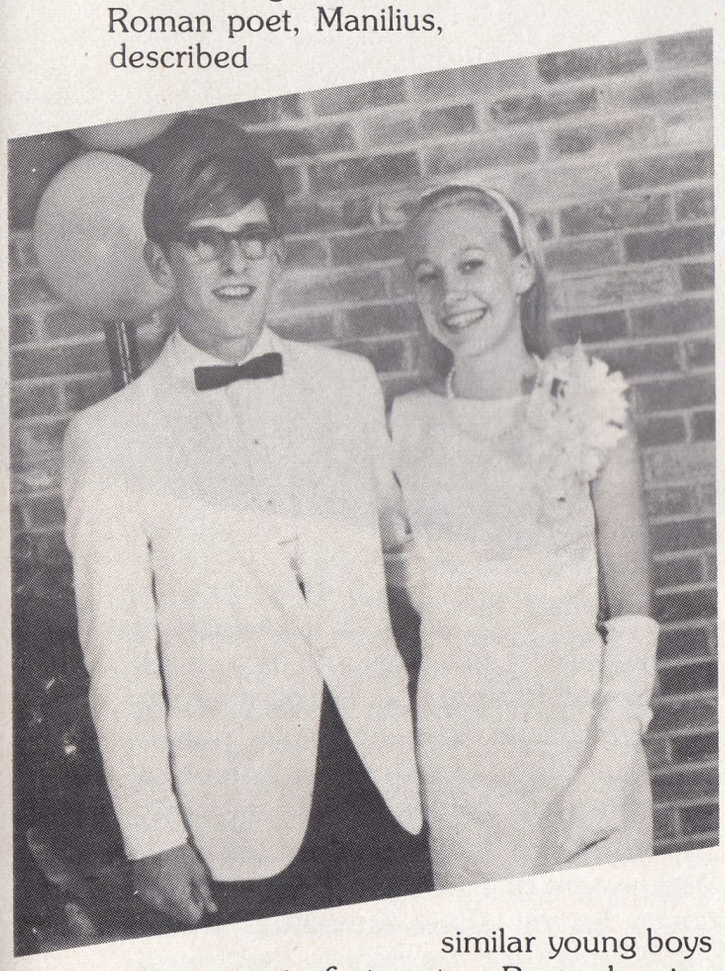


Uninformed as to the true nature of my problem and very much misinformed about the word describing my feelings, I told her I was "queer." Even if my mother had understood—which she did not—the early 1960s were a time when there was not much help for young boys who felt like they were girls and who openly admitted to their mothers that they dressed in their sisters' clothes quite frequently. I soon learned that if I did not want to be committed to some mental institution, I had better "wise up" and start proving that it was just a passing phase. Within a few months I earned a position on the junior high school football team.

A few years later, just before graduating from high school, my girl friend Joanna encouraged me to enter a talent contest. I had only been singing and playing the guitar for a couple of years so I felt a little silly clipping the application form from the teen magazine. Not long after, I was in Hollywood, appearing on television and winning the title. Out of 10,000 kids, I was chosen as the best teenage male vocalist in America. Suddenly, Danny O'Connor was a star, or at least definitely on his way to becoming one. But something still called from within him. That something, I had finally learned, was me . . . the woman I was.

A mind locked inside the wrong body is neither a new phenomenon, nor unique to our culture. Historically, transsexuals date back to the days of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Hippocrates, in describing, Scythia, a city in sixth century Greece,

rationalized that testicular trauma (as a result of their proclivity for horseback riding) followed by episodes of impotence, would be sufficiently traumatic physically to discourage all masculine behavior. The Roman poet, Manilius, described



similar young boys in first century Rome, longing for loss of body hair and adorning themselves in women's clothing, wishing they could be women. And Juvenal in *Against Hippocritical Queens* concludes a lengthy diatribe against some effeminate young patricians of Rome with these peevish questions:

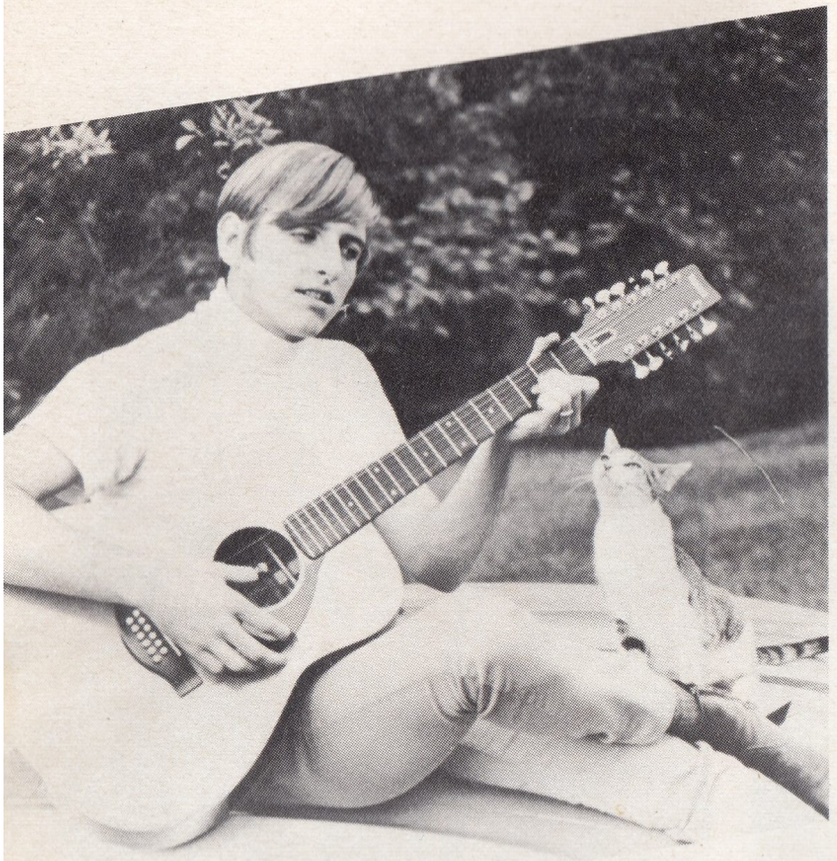
But why
Are they waiting? Isn't it now high time for them to take
The Phrygian fashion to make the job complete.
Take a knife and lop off that superfluous piece of meat?

Even our own American Indians were confronted with this very special sex problem. Among the Crow Indians, men/women were in charge of cutting the sacred tree used in the sun dance. In the Yuki tribe they taught the young and preserved and transmitted the history of memorable tribal events.

And among the Yakuts they tended the dead and led the singing at burial ceremonies. The so-called "primitive" areas in early America seem to have been much more understanding of the transsexual than the early European explorers of North America. When the Spaniards invaded the Antilles in Louisiana, they found men dressed as women—men who were greatly respected by their societies. Thinking they were hermaphrodites, or homosexuals, they killed them.

In 20th century society the transsexual is still fighting a battle for recognition. I remember being told by a raging mother who thought her son was going to fall into the grasp of someone like me that she would never speak to her son again if we went ahead with our marriage plans.

Peer pressure is probably the single greatest problem that transsexuals have in adjustment. After facing painful and ex-



pensive surgery, finding that you have just begun to fight seems almost too much to bear. We make it because we have to make it. The "hows" vary, but the one absolute I find in most every transsexual case is that we have no choice about our feelings.

There was, unfortunately, little time to do anything about my feelings. It seemed no more than a few weeks after I had summoned enough courage to tell my girl friend about me that she informed me she was pregnant. I was stunned. I had just decided that somehow I was going to become a woman, and now I was about to become a father!

I spent the next year trying to be a good husband, father, college student, and Capitol Records singing artist. After intentionally stepping off a curb into the heavy Sunset Blvd. traffic and somehow surviving without a scratch, I became Canary.

Today I think fondly of my ex-wife and son. I have not seen them for more than seven years, and though I miss both of them and long to somehow observe them in their everyday lives . . . Joanna with her husband of five years and my son with his new half-brother . . . I know the path I chose was right. My son knows nothing about his father. I really do not know how, if the time ever comes, I could tell him.

I have been a woman now for seven years—years of fighting, not only for the money for my three operations (about $15,000), but for the right to have them. The hormones I began taking many years ago have made my skin supple and have caused the development of beautiful, sensitive breasts. The simulated menopausal hot flashes and nausea I experienced in earlier days, as a result of those same hormones, have almost become extinct except for those times when I overexert myself or forget to take my daily dosage of hormones for several days on end. Besides hormonal changes, there were many items such as dress, mannerisms, social demeanor and, of course, relationships with men, each of which had to be adjusted or adjusted to.

These adjustments are the last link in a chain of events that, in the course of several years, changes a person's outward gender and sex role. When people ask

what a transsexual does after surgery, they usually don't know that that person has often been living the sex role they propose to adopt for a considerable period of time. What you do after surgery is pretty much what you did before surgery, although some aspects of life become a bit easier.

The genital change is only one in a long series of steps. A transsexual is not manufactured on an operating table, although many are led to believe just that. The classic transsexual is a person trapped in the body of the other sex; a man cannot be *made* into a woman or a woman into a man. The spirit, mind and soul, is either one or the other from the beginning and it is through self-realization that these people seek surgical relief in order to match their bodies with their inner "selves."

There is no single, simple explanation—biological or psychological—for transsexualism. Identifying with men or with women is a decision that is influenced by chromosomes and culture, hormones and individual life history. Gender identification is one of those remarkable syntheses that scientists can marvel at but not unravel. It is clear, though, that gender is far more than the mere possession of a penis or a vagina.

While genetics may sometimes be at fault, the majority of transsexuals have a normal chromosomal complement. A hormone imbalance is often cited as a possible cause, but in fact the vast majority of transsexuals have neither an excess nor a deficiency of hormones for the sex they were assigned at birth. The only thing we can conclude, at this time, is that somehow a very complex sequence of events goes awry, leaving a person whose psychological and biological sex differ. Surgery is the only opportunity for making biology agree with psychology.

While accumulating the funds to complete the surgical process, I dated frequently, and I frequently found great difficulty in trying to tell the man who was panting heavily beside me that I was physically both sexes. At that time, my testes had been removed and the surgeon had formed the outer lips of the vagina. Not only did I not want sex with my date, but sex as he thought of it was an impossibility for me.

After the final stage of the operation, I was the very same person I had always been, but with a different body. The penis that had once plagued my life was gone. Amputated and dissected, it had been used to line the inside of my newly-created vagina.

I was a woman! At least that was what I had always felt. Then, suddenly, I was defensive about my looks and mannerisms. There was a time when I refused to have a mirror in my house because what I saw depressed me. I had also discarded slacks from my normal clothing agenda,

feeling that they were not feminine enough. I was cast into a super gender analysis, buying and wearing only dresses, setting myself up as judge and jury over people and products. If I went to the store to buy razor blades, for example, I would never get Gillette because I had been

"I remember being told by a raging mother who thought her son was going to fall into the grasp of someone like me that she would never speak to her son again if we went ahead with our marriage plans."

conditioned through advertising to believe that if one was a man and wanted to "look sharp" one had to buy Gillette. Obviously I would choose a "genderless" razor blade, in a hopeless attempt to buy femininity.

I had gotten carried away. I had spent over 19 years of my life trying to please my family and society by trying, and trying damn hard, to be a tough guy. Now I was trying to be certain that nobody doubted my femininity. Who better to have on this search for womanhood than an expert on masculinity—my alter ego. I was, needless to say, in the middle of one of the greatest debates of my life, all going on inside of me. After years of paranoia about my looks—my ugly feet, my chunky hands, my face not being round enough, my height being too tall, etc., etc.,—I suddenly decided that I just didn't give a damn. And, oddly enough, this decision finally brought me to a point of total self-acceptance.

The rest of the world, however, was a bit slower in its acceptance. My first major accomplishment in learning to adjust to society was realizing that the world was not going to realign its thinking about me as quickly as I had. A "don't-give-a-damn" attitude might work with a lot of people, especially those in areas of the country, such as major cities, where unusual happenings are usual, but what of the silent majority? How was I to deal with the conservative element? I wondered just how strongly this group would protest against me. To their credit, they were quite empathetic. After publication of my autobiography *(Canary, The Story of a Transsexual.* Bantam Books.) I learned that, for the most part, I had more friends out there than I had ever dreamed of having.

As I tour the country on various speaking and promotional engagements, appearing on many radio and T V talk shows, I learn even more about myself by knowing more about other people. I make no secret of the fact that I love my six-year-old motor scooter and that I ride it, religiously, to one garage sale after another every weekend, and have for years. I speak openly about living on cans of soup during the leaner times and of furnishing my fashionable West Hollywood high-rise apartment exclusively with my garage sale treasures. I talk about being alone through some of the most difficult times and of almost bleeding to death due to the prejudice and hatred of the nursing staff at the Tijuana hospital where my surgery was performed.

I do not hide my many love affairs and am proud of my new nationally syndicated radio program, *Canary's Cage,* which, by the way, is causing a row in many conservative broadcasting circles due to the ridiculous belief that transsexuals should not be in radio broadcasting.

It is also unfortunately true that I am still fighting the prejudice of the recording industry, which has to this day refused to recognize the possibility that someone like me could really sing as a female. The struggle, no new one for me, is apparently

"I had spent over 19 years of my life trying to please my family and society by trying, and trying damn hard, to be a tough guy. Now I was trying to be certain that nobody doubted my femininity."

coming to an end. I can say with some assurance that my journey through music from being the Best Teenage Male Vocalist in America to Canary, the female recording artist, is about to end. By the time you read this, perhaps my record will be playing somewhere in the background. ◑

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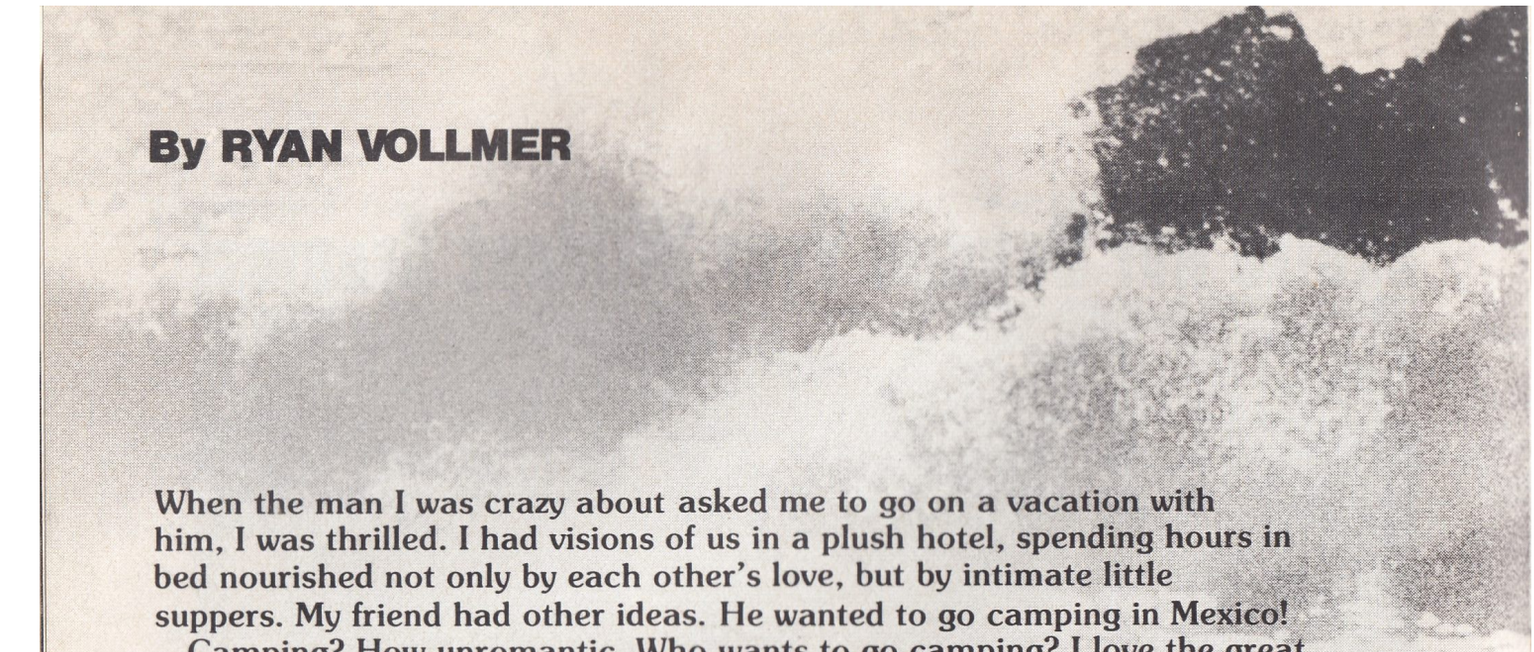
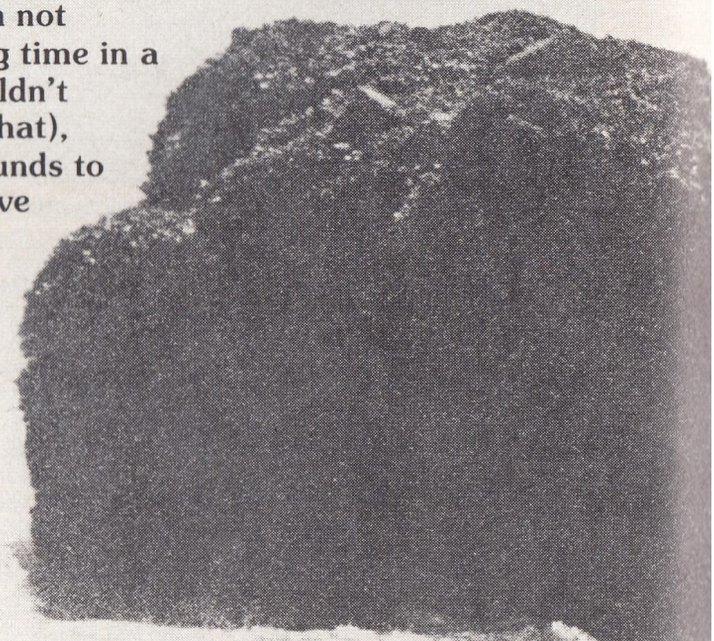
By RYAN VOLLMER



When the man I was crazy about asked me to go on a vacation with him, I was thrilled. I had visions of us in a plush hotel, spending hours in bed nourished not only by each other's love, but by intimate little suppers. My friend had other ideas. He wanted to go camping in Mexico!

Camping? How unromantic. Who wants to go camping? I love the great outdoors, but I'll opt for a clean bathroom over the bushes any day. Roughing it isn't my idea of romance. He insisted that we'd have a glorious time, so I yielded. Off we went in his jeep—sleeping bags, toilet paper and all.

Much to my surprise, we did have a glorious time, and it was just as romantic as a night in the Taj Mahal. What I learned from my trip to Baja is that a sexy vacation doesn't necessarily mean luxury. Sexiness is a frame of mind that can be created by your environment. Where you go makes all the difference. I'm not saying you can't have a sensuous, swinging time in a lovely villa on the coast of Spain (you wouldn't have to twist my arm to go on a trip like that), but there are many places, from campgrounds to castles, where singles and couples can revive a tired sex life or create a new one.



The warm, sensuous environment of Baja clearly made the most of our sexuality. What follows is a list of places that will do much more for you than just provide food and shelter. These are places where either the natural environment, the people, or both create a sensuous atmosphere. Where traditional hotels and tourist attractions appear, it's because they provide either unusually romantic settings, or unusually good opportunities to meet people.

Where you go *does* make a difference. Let's face it, a trip to Washington, D.C. may be educational, but sexy it isn't.

PHOTOGRAPHY: RON MESAROS

EROTIC ESCAPES

Some Pleasant Places to Play

U.S.A.

The men in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, outnumber the women four to one. So if you want to fall in love with a rugged outdoors man, this is the place (sorry, guys). In addition to that delightful aspect, there are a lot of other things to do in Jackson Hole—backpacking, fishing, horseback riding, mountain climbing and overnight raft trips down the Snake River in the Grand Tetons.

According to a San Diego-based stewardess I talked to, who has been to some of the most exotic corners of the earth, riding the rapids in Jackson Hole was one of the most exhilarating and erotic experiences of her life. When I asked her what was so erotic about getting soaked, she just smiled and said that the erotic part comes when you and the group you're traveling with, mostly men, camp alongside the river for the night. Now it doesn't take much imagination to figure that one out . . .

Jackson Hole is not one of those mountain towns where everyone goes to bed early, unless . . . The bars are jumping all night and if you've got a thing for cowboys, go to the Rancher. It's just full of men dyin' for a little lovin'.

Any travel agent or the Chamber of Commerce in Jackson Hole can provide you with information on condominiums, hotels or the town's one youth hostel.

CAMPING IN JAMAICA, HAWAII AND BAJA

Yes, camping can be erotic. Look at my experience. Most Americans think of camping in terms of National Parks like Yosemite. But most of these national preserves are full of families who might cramp your style if you want to go skinny dipping or make love under the stars.

Jamaica, Hawaii and Baja all have warm climates where you wear very little. This creates a sensuous atmosphere right from the start. And all three areas have enough remote campsites to allow you and your lover a lot of opportunities for intimacy in the great outdoors.

Hawaii is a magical place where you can slide down waterfalls into clear pools of warm water, and the islands always smell like flowers. The sun tans you quickly, making you feel very physical.

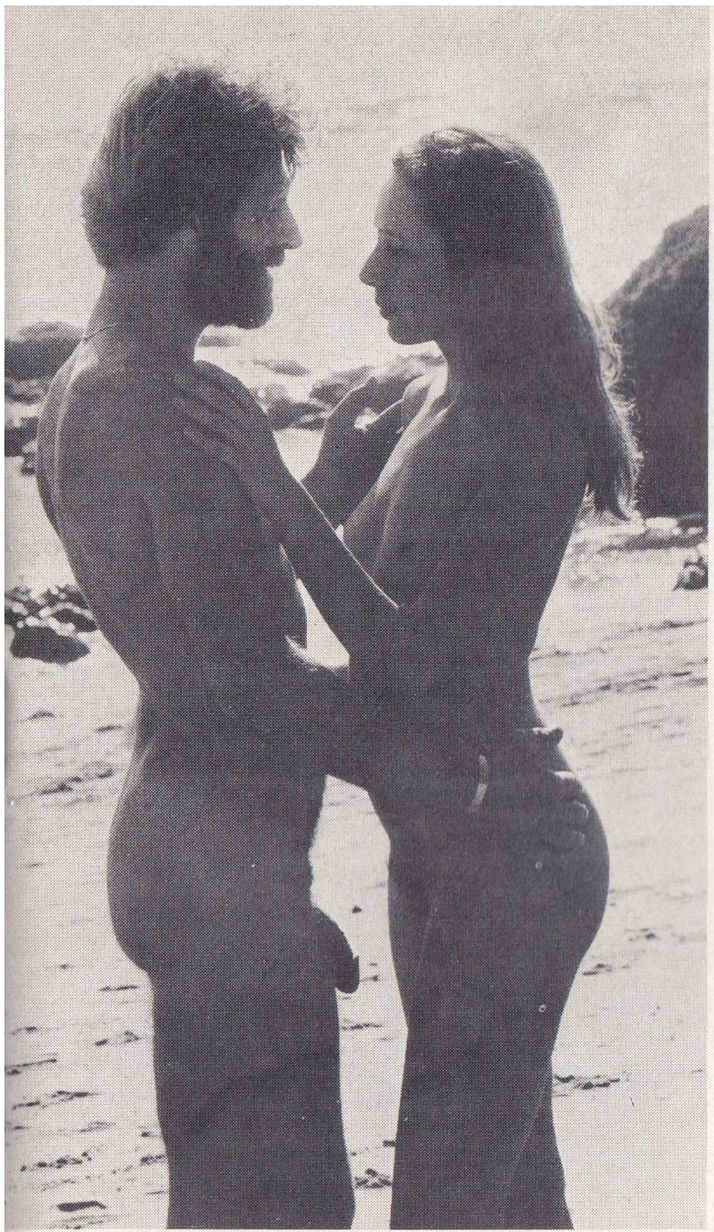
Camping is very popular in Hawaii, especially with the natives. And it's a good way to really see this beautiful land. There are numerous campsites on Maui and Kaui. Some are on the beach, others are inland surrounded by vivid green jungle and waterfalls. Most are in isolated areas, so you can go exploring and find your own personal waterfall and swim in the nude. The large Hawaiian families that frequent the campgrounds, in addition to many young people, are very friendly and a joy to meet. These people love to eat and make a big production out of meals. Many will invite you for dinner. Two of the prettiest campgrounds are Kalana County Park, Maui and Haena County Park, Kaui, which is very popular with young people.

If you want to camp, yet meet lots of young people, choose a site close to either Lahaina, Maui or Lihue, Kaui so you can go into town at night. Some of the best looking men and women in Hawaii work in the restaurants and bars of these towns. If you hang around any of these places long enough (approximately 15 minutes) you're bound to meet a handsome waiter or attractive cocktail waitress who's more than happy to take you to his or her house on the beach. But rent is so high in Hawaii, most people share a house with lots of roommates. So if privacy's what you're after, there's always the beach—miles and miles of it.

Any travel agent can provide you with an armload of information on campgrounds in Hawaii and any additional information you might need.

What could be more sensuous than the exotic lush paradise of Jamaica? Nothing, except the handsome dark-skinned people who inhabit the island.

Strawberry Fields, Jamaica, is a beach-



side campground halfway between Ocho Rios and Port Antonio. You can rent a tent there for $70 a week or a cottage for $126 a week. All of the units are far enough away from each other for privacy. Jamaica is warm, so clothes will only be a nuisance. Most of your time will be spent swimming in the turquoise-colored water or exploring the flowering jungle. You can explore the endless beaches on your own or hang around the restaurant and bar in the campground. Couples, singles and families camp in Strawberry Fields, so it's easy to make friends. One of the most erotic aspects of Jamaica is the music. Nothing could be more stimulating than sipping dark Jamaican rum while listening to the sexy calypso or reggae beat.

If you'd like to meet some of the locals, street dances are held every weekend night in any Jamaican town.

For information, contact Caribbean Campgrounds, Inc., 54 West 56th St., New York, NY 10019; 212/247-4505.

The beauty of Baja is that you can camp just about anywhere since most of this part of Mexico is uninhabited. Although there are many organized campsites, it's fun to find one on your own. Baja is located just south of California. It is surrounded by water, the Pacific Ocean on the west and the Gulf of California on the east. The weather is very warm and dry. Quaint villages dot both coast lines and side trips to any of them can be great fun. Cabo San Lucas and La Paz, two of the larger towns on the southern end of Baja, are a bit on the expensive side but very beautiful. Every village has a cantina (bar) and I've yet to meet a Mexican bartender who doesn't speak English. Hours spent in these sleepy little towns, sipping beer, and talking to the natives and tourists can be very warm, relaxing moments.

Unless you come off like Mr. or Ms. Gotrocks, flaunting your American dollars, the Mexican people are incredibly friendly. Most of your time in Baja will be spent fishing, swimming and eating. A lot of young Californians travel to Baja so it's very easy to meet people. Although some people might balk at the idea, I spoke with quite a few women who camped with girl friends in Baja and had a fabulous time as long as they stayed fairly close to a town.

It's not that easy for singles to meet Mexican men or women. The girls are very shy and although the men try to glare seductively at American women and appear to say obscene things under their breath, that's about as far as it goes.

EARTHWATCH

Does the idea of trekking through South America, Africa or the Greek ruins with a scientist sound sexy? I find the idea quite romantic, probably because I've always had a fascination for those bearded, rugged-looking scientists you see in *National Geographic* magazine, with knapsacks on their backs, cameras around their necks and me beside them in the jungle observing animals or probing the ruins. Earthwatch is an organization that can send you

on just such a trip.

What they do is hire anyone, regardless of experience, to assist a scientist and his staff on a two-to-three-week expedition to remote and exciting parts of the world. Your job with them could involve cooking, cleaning, taking notes, whatever. This is obviously not a relaxing vacation. It can be very rough and tiring, but fascinating and educational.

The scientist is usually accompanied by graduate students and other people in your position. Although you'll work to the edge of exhaustion by day, evening hours spent talking about the day's discoveries should revive you. The people you live and work with so closely on this adventure could become lifetime friends or lovers.

For information, write Earthwatch, Box 127 T, 10 Juniper Road, Belmont, MA 02178. Prices range from $450 to $900, not including airfare.

EUROPE

Europe is a romantic, storybook land and even though it isn't the bargain it used to be, there's still no substitute. I think I fell in love on every street corner. The man, I just knew, was an artist living in a loft overlooking the Seine or a dark Italian whose eyes penetrated my very soul. Europe lends itself to romantic love for both couples and singles.

One of the best ways to get around Europe is with a Eurail pass which allows you to travel first class throughout all of Europe. A pass for one month costs approximately $220. European trains are immaculate and very efficient. They're divided into compartments that seat six people and are enclosed with a sliding door. If you and your friend are lucky enough to get a compartment to yourselves, making love on a train can be quite an erotic experience. You can't lock the door, but a little danger now and then adds to the excitement. If you're traveling alone on an overnight trip, who knows whom you'll meet?

There are so many sexy places in Europe that volumes could be written on the subject, but due to space, I've chosen France and Norway.

Talking about Paris may seem like old hat, but it is without a doubt the most romantic city in the world. Paris is a city for lovers or a place to find one but quick. One of the great things about Paris is that if you want to go all out and stay in a luxurious hotel, they have the best, such as the Ritz or Plaza Athenen. However, the smaller, less expensive hotels can be very romantic. Two that fall into this category are France et Choiseul, 239 rue Saint-Honore—it used to be a nunnery and surrounds a beautiful courtyard, and Hotel du Quai Voltaire, Quai Voltaire—it overlooks the Seine and is across from the Louvre.

There are endless sights to see in Paris such as the Louvre, Notre Dame and the marketplaces. If you want to meet people, just plant yourself in one of the many sidewalk cafes and watch. Although French men are a bit on the skinny side,

the women are something else in their tight jeans and tiny T-shirts. Any American man will find these females incredibly sexy.

What could be more exciting than a night in a castle! The French countryside is full of them. The Relais de Campagne et Chateux Hotel is a chain of castles, estates and inns where you can rent a room. Imagine you and your lover snuggled under a down comforter in an ancient castle, sipping some of the best wine in the world.

Another really fun way to see the countryside is by renting a roulette, which is a gypsy cart pulled by a horse. Yes, the horse and oats are included.

Information on all of these hotels and the roulettes can be obtained from the French Government Tourist Office, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020.

Oslo, the capital of Norway, may not come to mind as a place noted for romanticism, but if you're single and want to meet some of the best-looking people in the world, this is the place to go. The best time to visit Oslo is during the summer because it doesn't get dark until 11 pm. The friendly, party-loving Norwegians have been couped up all winter and they go crazy enjoying themselves during the summer. The city is full of plazas, crowded with young and old, sipping beer. Meeting people is simply a matter of being there. Since the bars close at 11 pm, many young people hold parties afterwards, and being invited is no problem at all.

Norwegians are very uninhibited sexually as are all Scandinavians. Their joy of life naturally includes healthy spontaneous sex. If you've got any kind of sexual reservations, you'll lose them for sure in this country. These people look like they're having so much fun, the desire to join in quickly diminishes inhibitions.

Although there are lots of things to see

in Oslo, like Thor Heyerdahl's Kon Tiki and the Vigeland Sculptures in Frogner Park, most of the people I talked to who'd been there said they were too busy becoming intimate with these lovely people to go sightseeing.

MOROCCO

Morocco is sultry, sexy and somewhat sinful. According to one young woman who recently visited the country, "Immediately upon arrival I was dying for a sheik, any sheik, to carry me off into the desert, until I became painfully aware of how Moroccan men treat women." Even though women are no longer required by law to wear veils, most of them still do. And you often see a man riding a donkey while his wife walks alongside carrying all the packages. Women's liberation hasn't touched this corner of the world. Morocco isn't the kind of place where you're going to have a hot affair with a local. If you're single, it's wise to travel in a group, just for the company.

An exciting and economical way to see Morocco is via World Trek, a British organization that takes people on camping tours in Land Rovers throughout Morocco, Africa or Asia. A two-week tour to Morocco costs about $220, not including airfare.

Marrakesh is one of the most fascinating and mysterious cities in Morocco. If you're a camera buff, go to the Jemaa el Fna, a plaza full of circus-like entertainment that makes Barnum and Bailey look pale. The plaza is crowded with snake charmers, dancers, vendors and weavers of tales.

Moroccans eat with their hands, a custom you might find either messy or erotic. Dining in the manner of Tom Jones, on the floor surrounded by cushions, certainly sets the scene for a sexy episode.

CLUB MED

If you don't want to travel on your own, Club Med is definitely the way to go. Even though the idea of "organized" fun turns off a lot of young people, everyone I talked to who'd been to a Club Med resort had an incredibly good time. One young man said "They don't make you feel like you have to do anything unless you're in the mood for it. There's no pressure to join in, so whatever you do is by your own choice."

Club Med has resorts in every lush corner of the globe. Those where the staff speak English are in Guadeloupe, Martinique, Tahiti, Hawaii, Playa Blanca and Cancun, Mexico; Marrakesh and Agadir, Morrocco; Ouarzazate, Tunisia; Cape Skirring, Senegal; The Corals, Israel; and St. Moritz, Switzerland. How's that for a list!

Prices range from $210 to $749 a week depending on where and when you go. (Air fare not included.) The price includes food and lodging. All travel agents have information on Club Med or you can write Club Med, 40 West 58th St., New York, NY 10019; 212/977-2100.

SKINNY DIP TOURS

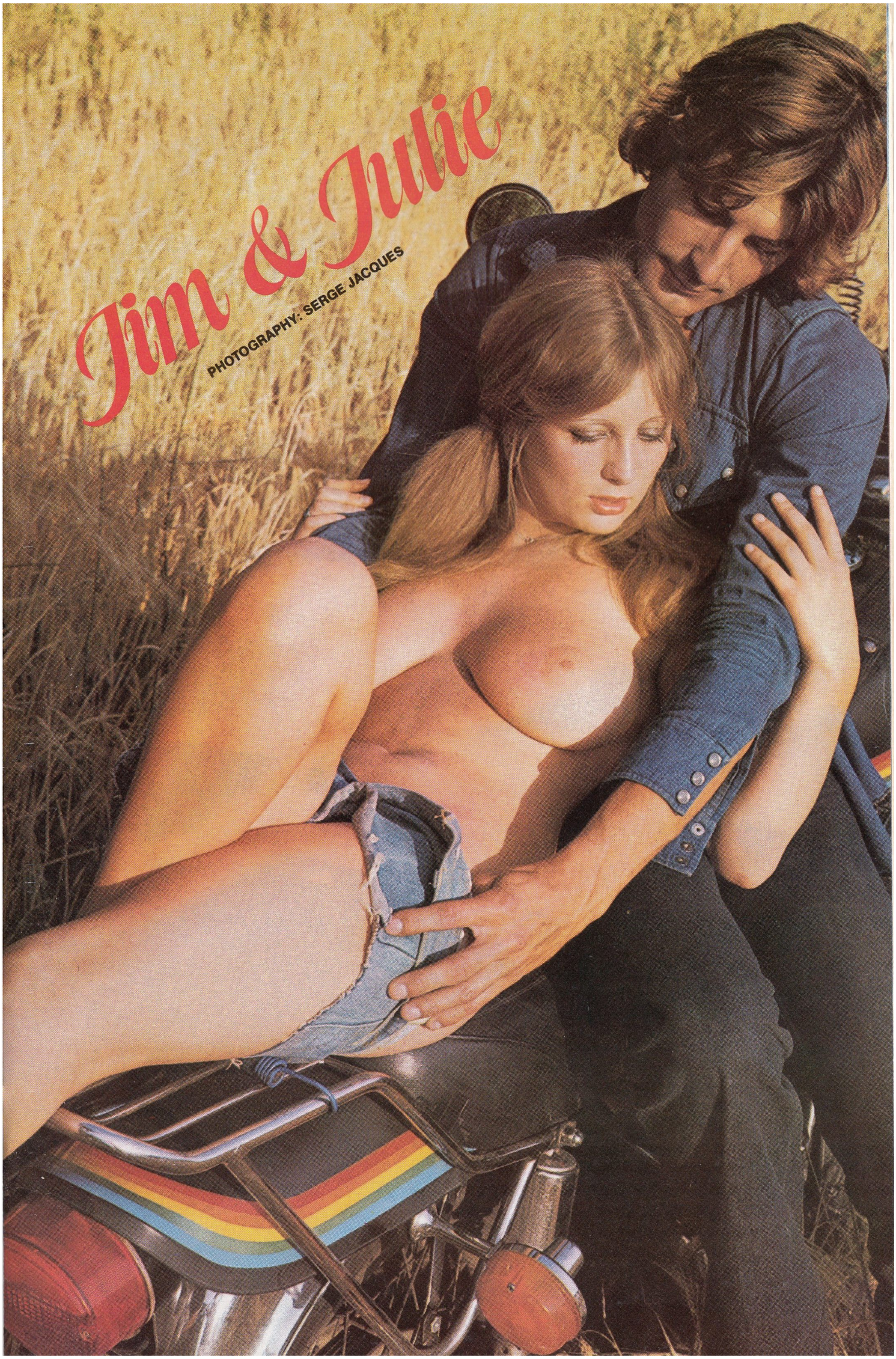
I have saved the best for the last or maybe I should call it the most erotic. Skinny Dip Tours are vacations in the nude. You can't get any sexier than that. Many of their tours are to Caribbean hotels with nude beaches or to Black's Beach in San Diego.

They also have two-week nude cruises to Rio De Janeiro, Devil's Island, the Canary Islands, Virgin Islands and Hawaii. Their latest development is a cruise on the Yugoslav ship M/S Istra to the Caribbean visiting San Juan, Haiti, Jamaica, Colombia and the Yucatan Peninsula of Mexico.

According to Barry Plaxen of Skinny Dip Tours, they even organized a nude roller skating trip! Now I'll admit that the cruises sound pretty sexy, but nude roller skating? "Ouch!"

For further information contact Skinny-Dip Tours, 30 East 42nd Street, New York, NY 10017.

Ryan Vollmer *is Assistant Editor for* **Playgirl ADVISOR.** *She began her journalism career as a researcher for* **Behavior Today Newsletter** *and* **Psychology Today Magazine.**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shocked when she leaves and finds her own strength and personhood. What I haven't understood until reading Goldberg was the reason the husbands behave so stubbornly, irrationally, and childishly to persuade (unsuccessfully) their wives to come back. Goldberg hammers it home: "Outside of his strong attachment to this woman, the male is often an isolated, alienated being. He has few close male friends . . . Once the unconscious defense is penetrated by a woman he becomes profoundly attached to the point of deep and almost total dependency." Yep.

I like Goldberg's views on marriage. He's not too high on the institution, which he feels locks people in and stunts personal growth at just the time when they ought to be sowing oats and exploring life. He recommends marriage and children only as options; chosen with the wisdom—or hindsight—provided by maturity. The decision, Goldberg says, is best made when there is enough time behind you and enough self-knowledge in you so that the process is a part of one's own self-growth and enjoyment. A somewhat radical suggestion, and one I like.

Goldberg's comments on "The Success Trip" illustrate the interlocking qualities of female and male roles. In the chapter of that title, Goldberg paints as vivid and devastating a picture of the typical successful male's life story as I have seen anywhere. This chapter is like a study guide for Joseph Heller's *Something Happened*, its counterpart in novel form. We used to call states such as Goldberg describes "lives of quiet desperation." Goldberg, who sees countless "successful" males in his work as a psychotherapist, describes the frustration, the cynicism, the emptiness, the guilt, and the anxieties of the typical American family man and businessman in unrelenting detail that is ultimately overwhelming. I felt like shouting, "Enough, already!"

Goldberg illustrates throughout the book how male hangups are often reinforced by females, as with the success trip: "One of the very first questions single

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FOREWORD

The male has paid a heavy price for his masculine "privilege" and power. He is out of touch with his emotions and his body. Only a new way of perceiving himself can unlock him from old, destructive patterns and enrich his life.

The humanistic growth movement and the feminist movement have both helped to create a climate that is conducive to altering rigid and harmful patterns of behavior. It is naïve, however, to believe that men will experience meaningful growth simply by piggy-backing the changes that are occurring in women's attitudes. Men need to arrive at their own realization of what is crucial to their survival and well-being.

It is my hope that this book will serve as a major step toward awakening each man to the way in which he denies and destroys himself daily. It is only then that he will fulfill himself as a total person and learn how to be a friend and partner to male and female alike.

Herb Goldberg
Los Angeles, California
July, 1975

THE LOVE MACHINE

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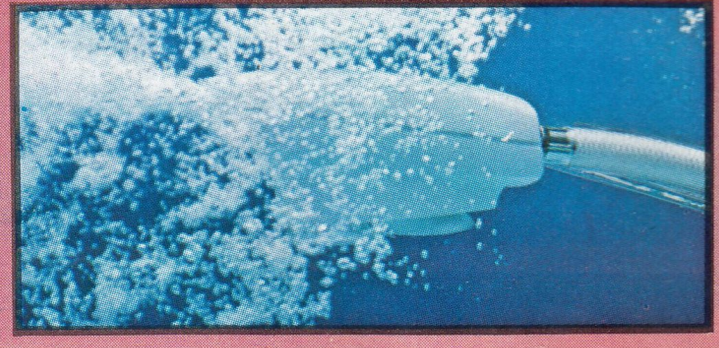

Now any woman can achieve new levels of sexual pleasure. Nirvana will give you satisfying orgasms, one after another, that will lead the way to uninhibited, fulfilling sex with a partner. Many women do not climax during intercourse, often feeling guilty deceiving their lovers. Now you can relax in privacy, letting Nirvana stimulate your body. Direct its bubbly, exciting spray, lay back and lose yourself in the gentle, sensual whirlpool stream that will wash over you. Satisfying yourself again and again, you will condition your body to respond quicker and easier, whetting your appetite for your lover. Give a gift she will really appreciate.

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women ask each other when discussing their dates is 'What does he do?' 'Symbol sex' . . . increases a male's sense of alienation and isolation. Deep inside himself he knows that his attractiveness to a woman is closely linked to his continuing ability to succeed in the outside world. He knows that if he loses status, power, or money he stands to lose sexual attractiveness and love as well.

"The male thus finds himself in an impossible bind. If he continues to pursue success vigorously, he has less capacity for involvement in his love relationship. If he does not pursue success vigorously, he becomes less desirable."

When I am in my role as professor on campus (well-known campus figure . . . flamboyant teacher of human sexuality, etc.) I find that I am an extremely attractive figure to coeds, enough so that I am constantly dealing with invitations for sexuality and romantic involvement. By contrast, when I am off campus in a situation where people don't know who I am (read "What I do")—and, as my landlady and others constantly remind me, I look like a 19-year-old student—I find that I am extraordinarily unattractive to females, who will turn to the nearest visible male success symbol instead. Furthermore, my success as a professor and my reputation on campus are based on long working hours, alone in my office. When I do get into an involved relationship, I don't have time to spend those long hours and maintain the success that made me so attractive in the first place—or, if I do try to maintain my working habits, my womanfriend resents it. This whole scene makes me very anxious and insecure.

I like the fact that Goldberg doesn't blame females—or males for that matter—for the expectations and behaviors they've locked themselves into. There is no enemy visible here, unless it is the entire complexly interacting social system. The implicit message is that we've got to make a mutual break, woman and man. Women's oppression is experienced in terms of the denial of power and money—but men, to whom those commodities are granted, suffer emotional constriction in the process—and the coin's other side also makes the angels weep.

If only for the sake of duty, I'll point out some minor flaws I perceive in *The Hazards of Being Male.* The book deals almost exclusively with the problems of married, adult males, who are usually in business. Although that characterization fits most males at one time or another, the number of males fitting that description at any given time is a statistical minority. The explanations of male behavior that derive from childhood experiences are quasi-Freudian and should not be taken too seriously, in my opinion. At any rate they are not important to the message of the book. Some of the chapters, such as the one on health and diet, read like Adelle Davis—speculative and faddish. I don't think it's very sound. The psychological mechanism of "male self-hate," which Goldberg frequently refers to, doesn't seem as apt or as close to my own experience as most of his other explanations. Finally, there is no discussion of how to work toward resolving the dilemmas Goldberg points out so expertly. But that, I hope, is the subject of the next book, which I would eagerly read.

Herb Goldberg might have some uncertain feelings about my saying his book is remarkable and important. He might, for instance, swell with male pride. On the other hand, he might feel pressured by my comments into male achievement and success roles. So I will merely note that his book, soon to be out in paperback, has so far been well-received—praised by critics, reprinted in foreign countries, selected by book clubs, etc—and that the book affected me personally as much as anything I've read lately.

The bottom line is that this book is a basic accomplishment which will serve as a cornerstone of the men's and women's movements for some time. It is readable, poignant, and insightful. Highly recommended.

Barry Singer, PhD, teaches courses in psychology and sexuality at California State University, Long Beach. He is also a feather-weight tennis player, weighing in at 123 pounds, and suggests that anyone really interested in ribs look for him at the local courts.

MEN WHO MEASURE UP!

Are you the kind of man who can measure up to any woman? Do you have the confidence and ability to please any woman?
One particular method has been a tremendous success in England. Here is what the Englishmen who have used it have to say:

After just three weeks my penis has increased in length by ¾" and nearly ½" in girth. Now my wife wants it all the time.

J.H.C., Portsmouth

Startling results. My wife has just spent three months in Canada with relations. When she returned the first thing we did was rush to the bedroom. I never said a word. I just got undressed and watched her face as my penis hardened. The result was amazing, she could not leave it alone and we have never enjoyed sex so much or for so long. Thank you, thank you.

Brian L. Catford, London

My wife and I go to alot of swapping parties and I often found it difficult to see the females and the evening out, but now I can keep it up all evening and we are now in great demand. P.S. My wife also sends her thanks.

Jean and Richard, Leeds

I still don't believe it! My penis is now 1¼" longer and ½" thicker. Also I seem to be able to pull the birds better, probably because I now have more confidence.

M.P., Essex

Despite all recent attempts at downplaying its significance, penis size can have great relevance to the individual. Concern is not restricted to those with below average dimensions. The source of anxiety may be physical, psychological, pathological or any combination of the three.

Now, for the first time, after years of extensive research Brian Richards M.D. reveals the medical facts about penis enlargement. In his new book, 'The Penis', all doubt is finally removed about the effective methods of penis enlargement. He thoroughly explains each method and brings to bear the definitive results obtained from scientifically controlled experiments.

Irrational?

However irrational it might appear, every man would like to have a large penis. It is only natural to think that something bigger and better will behave that way. And the truth is that the vast majority of women *do* think that way. Dr. Richards explains that this preference is not completely due to just psychological pressures or social coercion. "The explanation for the women's choice is that a thick penis

causes greater stretching of the sphincter and a greater feeling of being filled."

Achievable?

There is little doubt then that the big penis is a worthwhile goal. But is it achievable? The result of Dr. Richards' study are unequivocal: "You can definitely enlarge the size of the Penis." The problem then is—how? Which methods work, which are just rip-offs and fancy quackery.

Medical Results

Years of extensive scientifically controlled medical experimentation went into the making of "The Penis." The most interesting example was that used to test for the effectiveness of one particular method of enlargement. After collection of initial basic data, the patients were instructed in this particular method of penis enlargement, which is described in detail.

Changes began to be recorded during the second week. At the end of the experimentation period, the average length increase was 17% and the average breadth increase was 16%. Among a second similarly selected group of subjects who were not instructed in the penis enlargement method, no increase in penis size was found.

The table on this page shows the results obtained.

Detailed Instructions

With the precision that only an experienced medical specialist could have, he illustrates the physiological factors involved in enlarging the penis. Step by step—detail by detail, he describes the effective methods, how to employ them, and how long it will take to achieve remarkable results.

Case No.	Age	LENGTH Starting	LENGTH Ending	LENGTH Change of	GIRTH Starting	GIRTH Ending	GIRTH Change of
1	19	5.5	6.5	1.0	5.6	6.6	1.0
2	36	6.5	7.4	.9	5.8	6.6	.8
3	60	5.9	6.9	1.0	5.9	6.9	1.0
11	44	6.1	7.2	1.1	5.0	5.9	.8
13	31	6.4	7.4	1.0	5.2	6.1	.9
15	64	Dropped out of trial					
17	20	6.0	7.2	1.2	5.0	6.0	1.0
27	24	5.9	7.1	1.2	5.2	6:1	.9
Total	298	42.3	49.7	7.4	37.7	44.2	6.5
Mean	37.25	6.0	7.1	1.1	5.4	6.3	.9

Acclaimed in Europe

Dr. Richards achievement is truly a landmark. After years of intensive clinical study and research, the truth is finally revealed. Often shocking, it is always factual and authentic. A business executive from Berlin commented. "It seems that truth can really be stranger than fiction. It contains an arsenal of information." Perhaps the most revealing comment comes from one of Dr. Richards' assistants: "It is the work of a physician who brings to bear a vast warehouse of experience, knowledge and training... in order to enlighten."

It is time to clear up the confusion and end the exploitation. This definitive study is now available in America: "The Penis" by Dr. Brian Richards. To obtain your copy simply fill out the coupon below. Let the power of modern medical science work for you.

IRON CLAD GUARANTEE

If for *any* reason you are not satisfied with the important information contained in *The Penis*, just return it within 10 days for an immediate refund.

If coupon is removed, send $9.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling to Harmony Books, 880 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

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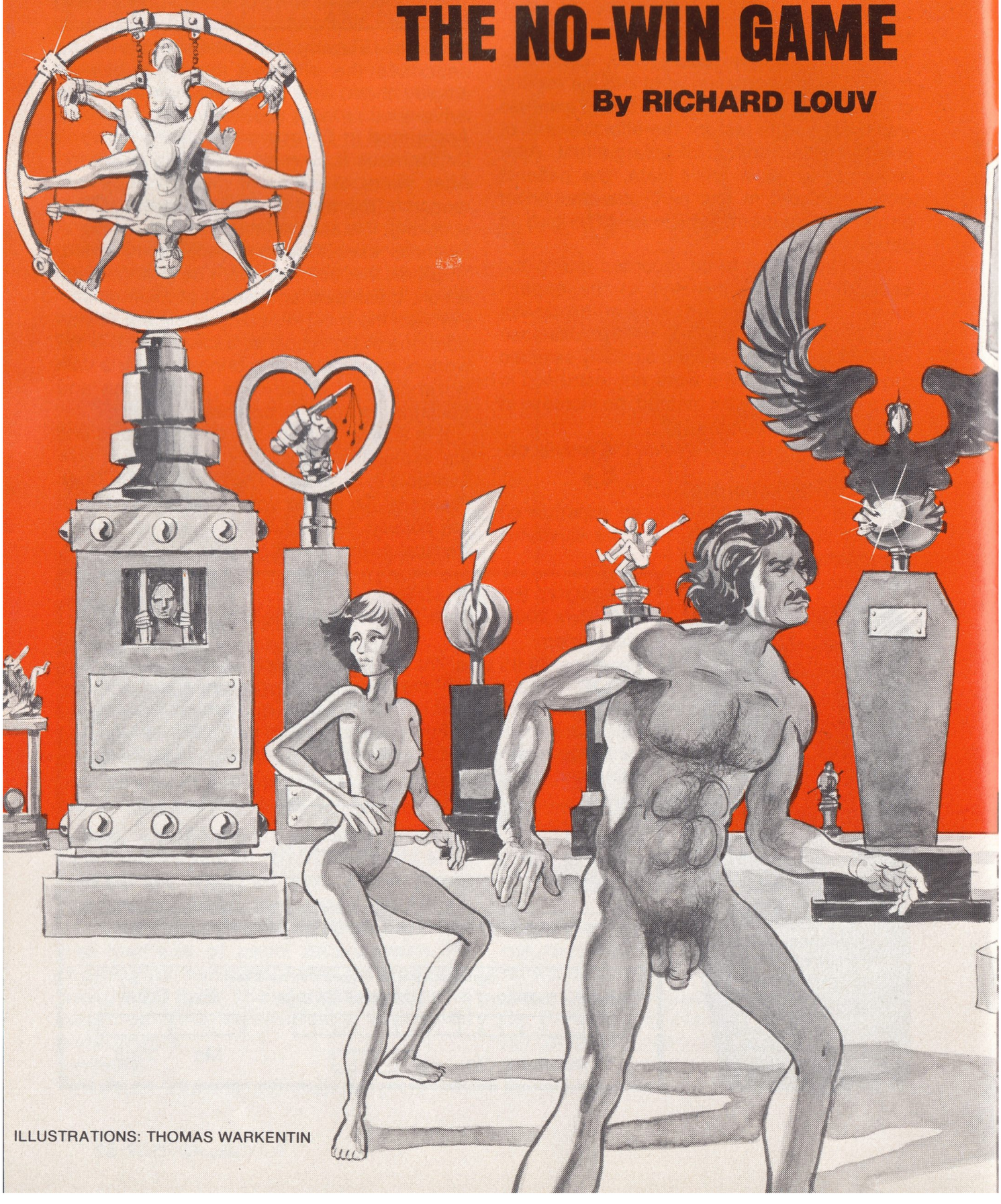
SEXUAL ELITISM

THE NO-WIN GAME

By RICHARD LOUV



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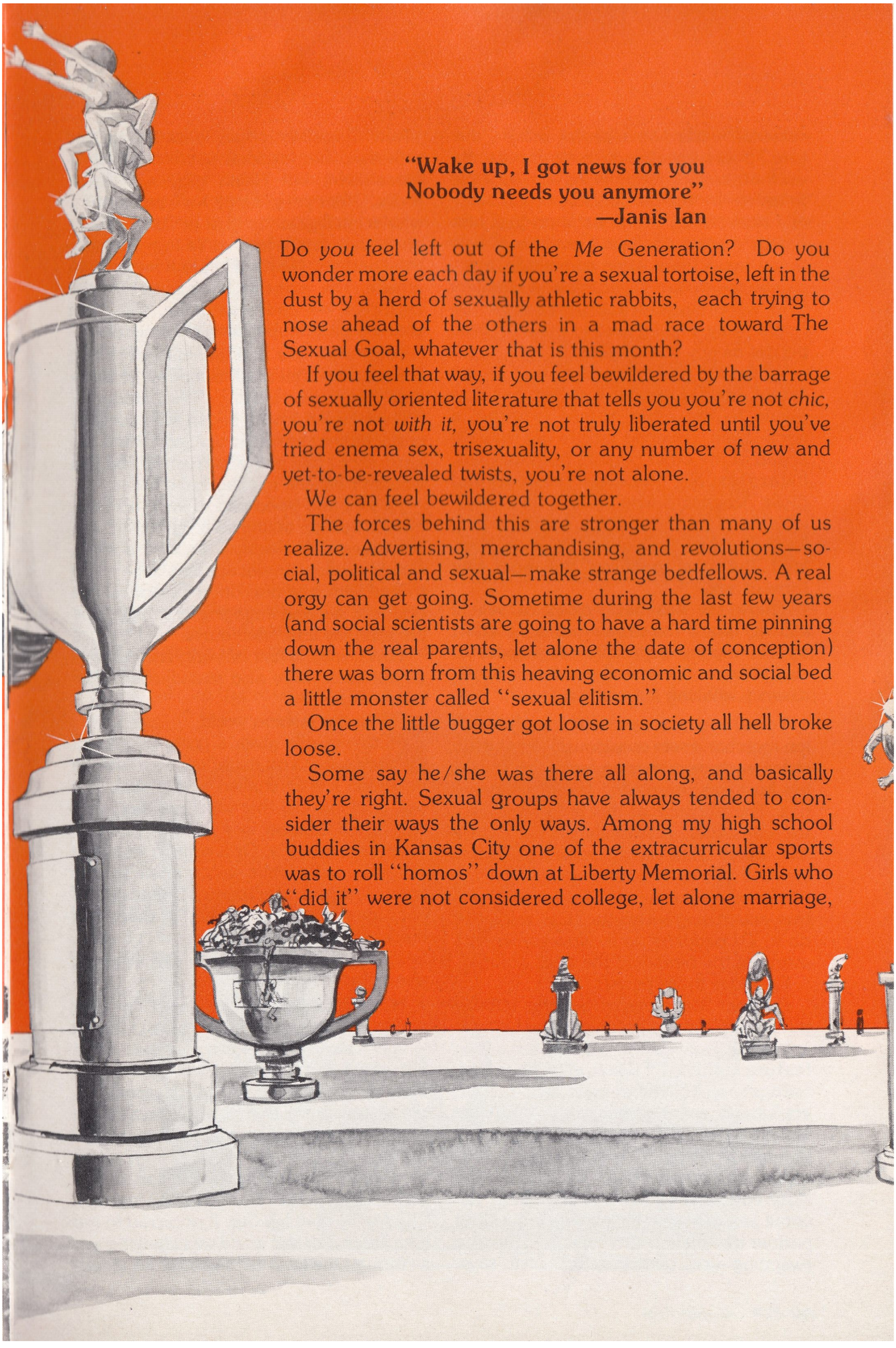


"Wake up, I got news for you
Nobody needs you anymore"
—Janis Ian

Do *you* feel left out of the *Me* Generation? Do you wonder more each day if you're a sexual tortoise, left in the dust by a herd of sexually athletic rabbits, each trying to nose ahead of the others in a mad race toward The Sexual Goal, whatever that is this month?

If you feel that way, if you feel bewildered by the barrage of sexually oriented literature that tells you you're not *chic*, you're not *with it*, you're not truly liberated until you've tried enema sex, trisexuality, or any number of new and yet-to-be-revealed twists, you're not alone.

We can feel bewildered together.

The forces behind this are stronger than many of us realize. Advertising, merchandising, and revolutions—social, political and sexual—make strange bedfellows. A real orgy can get going. Sometime during the last few years (and social scientists are going to have a hard time pinning down the real parents, let alone the date of conception) there was born from this heaving economic and social bed a little monster called "sexual elitism."

Once the little bugger got loose in society all hell broke loose.

Some say he/she was there all along, and basically they're right. Sexual groups have always tended to consider their ways the only ways. Among my high school buddies in Kansas City one of the extracurricular sports was to roll "homos" down at Liberty Memorial. Girls who "did it" were not considered college, let alone marriage,

material, while some of the more "mature" boys were already trying to outscore each other. God help the kid who failed to fit within the narrow confines of the sexually elite. When I look back on just how narrow those confines were, and how many hypocrisies were committed every day by the students, parents and teachers who were supposed to epitomize the "right" way, I find it hard to think of these people as any sort of elite.

While I am glad those days are, to some extent, gone, I wonder if society has now swung to the other absurd extreme: a slack-jawed, slavering race to get sexually ahead of the other person; homosexuals, heterosexuals, bisexuals, fetishists and those Americans who choose their sexuality based on their politics, each claiming for themselves the highest, the most liberated, the most gratifying, the most elite form of sex.

There are two basic types of sexual elitism: one is the rather gimmicky effort by the media, especially magazines, to capitalize on the sexual revolution by, in essence, making it a contest.

To sell cosmetics and clothing, the fashion merchandisers consciously change the styles each year; raising hemlines, lowering bustlines, narrowing lapels, widening ties. The purpose of this is to keep you, the consumer, constantly on the defensive, never quite caught up with the latest trend. If you're not fashionably elite, the media will let you know. This is a tried and true advertising technique. Car salesmen do it, TV peddlers do it. Now someone's even got the birds and the bees doing it.

Consider these pitches. . . .

Pageant Magazine, a general interest publication with no pretentions of being in any sense avant-garde, recently ran a long feature called "Trisexuals: The New Swingers." (A friend of mine, who considers himself avant-garde, said, "What the hell are trisexuals?!") The first sentence of the article read: "To be sexually chic today, you've got to be trisexual." The story concerns Helen and Neil, who become sexually chic by introducing a third partner into their sexual lives. "All the wife swapping was getting silly," Neil says. "Now I realize it was because of my repressed homosexual needs." Which is reasonable, but Helen giggles, "We're jocks. Other people look for a sex partner who's intelligent or arty or looks some particular way. When we're looking for a third partner, Neil and I always look for an athlete. The year that Mark Spitz won the Olympics, we had a swimmer. This past year we picked up a tennis instructor."

And what are the benefits of being sexually and athletically trendy at the same time? "Are you kidding?" Neil declares. "Since Helen and I began with jocks, I perfected my breast stroke, corrected the nasty slice I had in my backswing, and you wouldn't *believe* my backhand shots."

All well and good and to each his own, but the author, taking on a scholarly tone, continues: "Nowadays, in chic society, sexual maladjustment appears to be going to bed with just one other person of the opposite sex and engaging in straight sexual foreplay and intercourse."

Which means that not only are some of us not chic, we're also maladjusted. Perverts. Worse.

On to the fashion world.

Mademoiselle gives a great definition: "What's sexy? You might say it's a woman in a man's shirt soaked to the skin. But you couldn't call that chic. For sexy and chic, try a woman in a man's shirt dry. That's more like it. Or a woman in a light voile woman's shirt unbuttoned to the waist, knotted over pants. Better yet. If your idea of sexy is something sheer and black, you are something out of date. Sexy today is natural and easy. Nothing phony, nothing forced."

Mademoiselle then proceeds to refer you to its own pages for the freest, easiest kinds of sexy/chic. Nothing phony, nothing forced, but thousands of women judge their own sexuality based on the rigid, tense, constantly shifting and unreachable standards set up by the fashion magazines.

Later, in the same issue, an editor makes a strange, humane confession: "Suddenly I felt left out. It occurred to me that the rest of the world was studying sex as though the final were tomorrow. Read-

ing, memorizing diagrams, watching movies, fantasizing about sex, spending long and concentrated hours in the lab conducting their own experiments. Sex, at least according to the media, had become the hottest competitive sport, a new art form, a path of personal development and liberation."

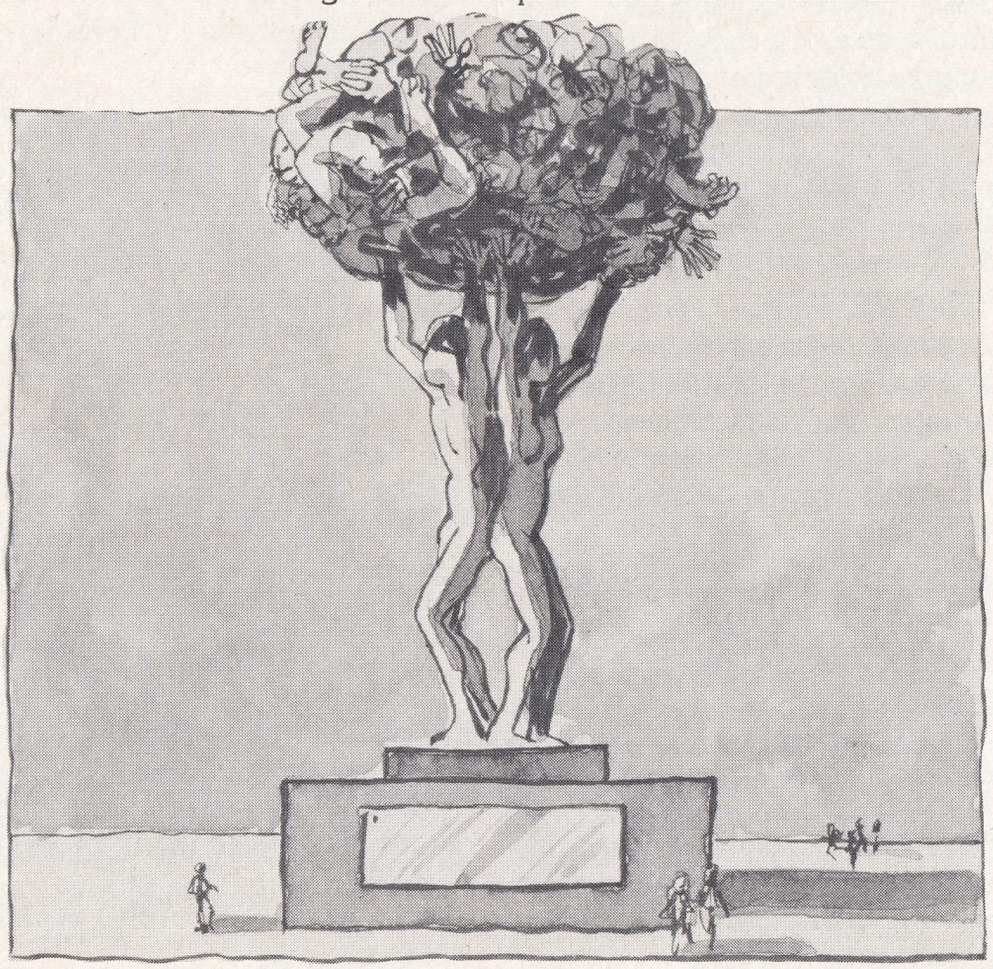
Sexual elitism is merchandised and taught to us at an early age. Barbie, the best selling children's doll in America, actually lives better than a good 30 percent of the real children in the country, with a complete miniature wardrobe selling for over $300. Barbie is blessed with remarkable, spike-like legs, and even more remarkable spike-like breasts—her full figure of 5¼-3-4¾ means that her real life measurements would be 45½-26-39! You can buy her a boy friend, a best friend, a snowmobile. She's the girl with everything, and more. Sexiness and social elitism are interchangeably merchandised. We learn early that American standards of beauty, sexiness and affluence are locked together.

Sexual elitism has reached high art in a lot of the sexually oriented magazines today. Nudity is surrounded by the gadgets and toys of affluence. The Playboy Pad; expensive furniture; the beach at St. Tropez. On a lot of those pages only the Beautiful People, figuratively and financially, get to enjoy sex.

But this is soft stuff. Let's really roll up our sleeves and get down to it. . . .

Men Magazine runs a feature called "Intercourse is Not Enough." *Playboy* demands, in a headline, "Are You Sexually Liberated Enough To Have Sex With More Than One Person, And If Not, Why Not?" *Penthouse Forum* reports on the "Latest Craze: Sex on the CB" (last month in another magazine the latest craze was enema sex). *For Men Only* runs one of the dozens of sex tests now flooding the market: "Do You Have What It Takes to Become a Swinger?"

Al Goldstein's *National Screw,* which verges on parody, asks, "How Do You Rate as a Lover?" Reporting on Uglies Unlimited, an organization formed by people who don't fit into the elite physical



standards, *National Screw* effuses, "Though some of you may wish the uglies remain in the closet, the movement for physically unattractive people is making inroads in ending job discrimination." One of the first targets of Uglies Unlimited was the hiring policy of Northwest Airlines. "We can just see the passengers," says *Screw,* "in a jumbo jet throwing up into their air sickness bags as some dog-faced stewardess gives instructions on how to use them." *Screw* runs a Male Fuckability Test (last month it was the Female Fuckability Test) which asks questions like: "Would you really like to throw one into Jackie Kennedy? How many times can you come in a night of screwing? How many virgins have you deflowered in a single night of screwing? Have you ever taken a girl forcibly and then come back for more?"

Pub tells us that the virile male is the natural sexual leader and teacher: "And that word teacher is very important. Teach-her to know what you want sexually." A few pages later *Pub* runs an article called "Male Sexual Dominance" illustrated with the face of a happily surprised young woman, holding her fingers in the "OK" sign while a big, male fist pounds into her cheekbone. "The real reason for your lackluster track record in the boudoir," the author tells us, "lies in Women's Lib and so-called 'sexual equality' for men and women."

Violence is the ultimate elitism.

And the newest sexually oriented magazines have even named themselves after sexual elitism: *Chic, High Society.* Listen to those words. Savor them. You can use your best crystal with them.

Sexual Elitism not only sells magazines, it sells condoms, record albums, and just about everything else merchandisable.

A mail-order, ribbed condom is sold on the basis that you can "reach a level of sexual pleasure that only months ago was unheard of."

The Rolling Stones, plugging a record, erected a billboard above the Sunset Strip that showed a scantily clad, bruised, bleeding woman in chains, and read, "Black and Blue All Over And She Loves It."

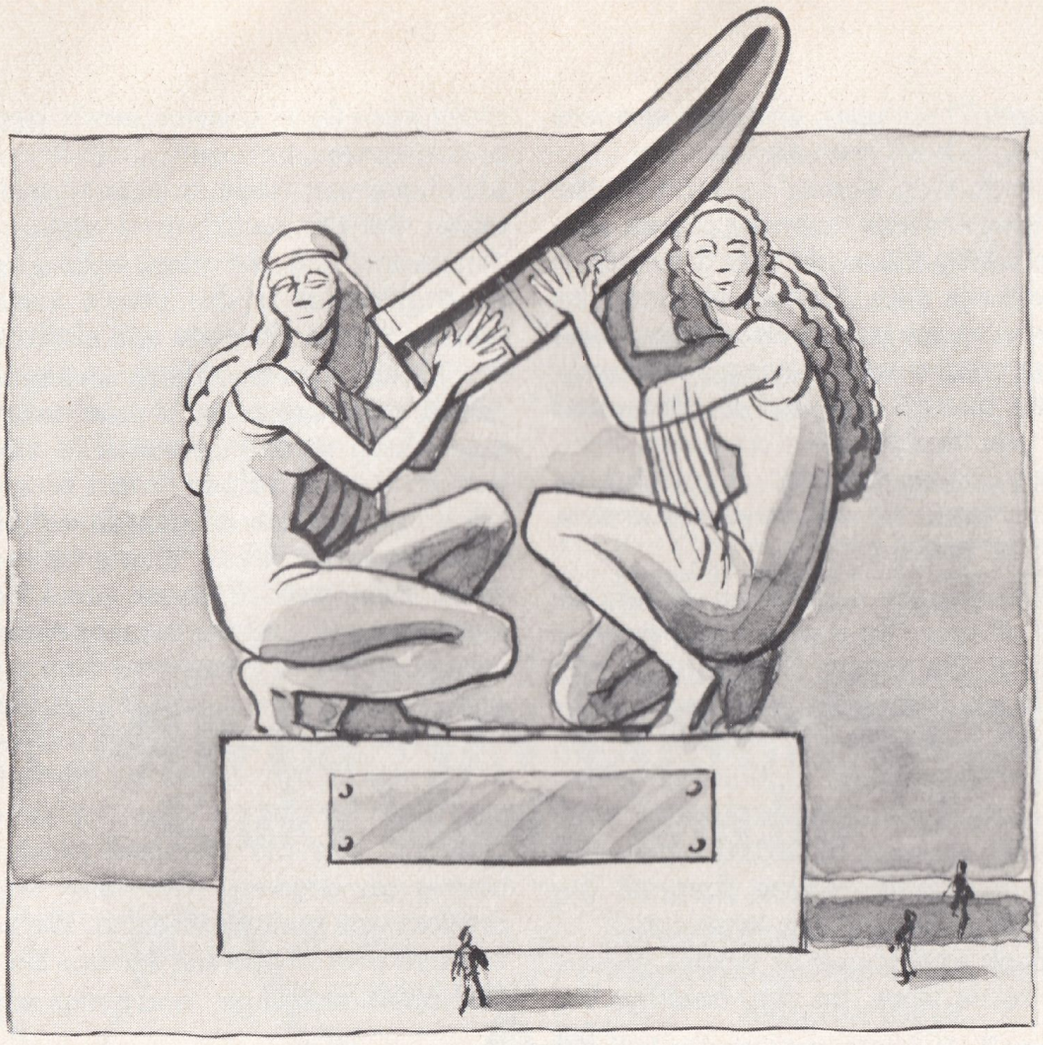
And for complete domination and "polyvinyl perversity" you can send off for a partner with countless uses: "Traveling companion, gag gift, soft sculpture, conversations. Susie has no moving parts, but a certain quiet charm. Easy to beat at Scrabble. Washable. $29.95 with pliable pussy and domestically produced French mouth." Or Jane. "She comes with her own batteries and so will you. Her electronically vibrating vagina is controlled by a discreetly placed remote control switch. Cheers." Babette has everything Jane's got, "together with a gently vibrating electronic hand whose fingers can be placed in the position of your choice. With assistance, Babette can turn pages, play jacks, spread softened bleu cheese on crackers . . . $59.95 . . . and what's money for, anyway?"

All of the sexual acts mentioned so far are fine for consenting adults, but the media business interests, knowing that magazines are the major source of information for nearly half the people, are brutalizing sex and us. It makes them a lot of money.

Apparently we are, in a very real sense, up for it. Which brings us to the second form of sexual elitism; the age-old willingness of sexual groups to consider themselves better than other groups, with or without the encouragement of Madison Avenue advertising techniques. While we can blame the media for keeping a lot of us wondering what the latest "sex craze" will be, the root of the problem may have more to do with basic human psychology. With the exception of a few primitive societies, sexual groups have been looking down their noses at other sexual groups for a long time.

Jay Mann, PhD, Acting Director of the Human Sexuality Program at the University of California School of Medicine, San Francisco, calls it "sexual evangelism."

"I see it as proselytizing; dealing with other people from the premise that there is only one way. The attitude is similar to how some Baptists look at the Methodists and vice versa.



"There are probably two currents occurring now in society: as people broaden their views they accept more lifestyles; counter to that current is the tendency . . . to teach superiority and dogma. Among many people there is a sense of being pushed to conform to standards set up by sexual groups or by the sexual media."

Mann says the focus on performance can become risky.

"When we set up these impossible standards, or accept them from someone else, our sex lives end up like our jobs; goal oriented. Sex has less and less to do with the partner and more and more to do with rating yourself on some kind of imaginary chart. This works directly against the emotional flow between the partners. A lot of people we see with sexual difficulties have accepted a whole set of expectations from what they see and read."

Sometimes, instead of the peak sex and higher consciousness to which a person aspires, the reward is impotence, and the breaking of some emotional ties to other people.

"In earlier times," Mann says, "people were pressured by society to suppress sexual feeling. Now there is an opposite pressure to show and do everything. The stakes have been progressively raised." And a lot of sexual "clubs" are trying to get you to sign up, even if that particular brand of sexuality does not fit you.

Psychologist Lonnie Barbach, who developed the Preorgasmic Woman's Group Program, says she sees a lot of people with sexual problems who feel coerced. "This is especially true with adolescent sexuality. You can't get to be 16 and still be a virgin anymore without being considered 'out-of-it.' Some individuals feel coerced when they get involved with 'open marriages.' This is the area where I've seen the most adverse reactions. The partner gets scared and feels something is wrong with him or her because he doesn't match up to what is considered, by the peers, sexual liberation. The partner gets into a situation where he can't back down, because he'll be considered a prude. I'm sure that the anxiety, besides leading to a

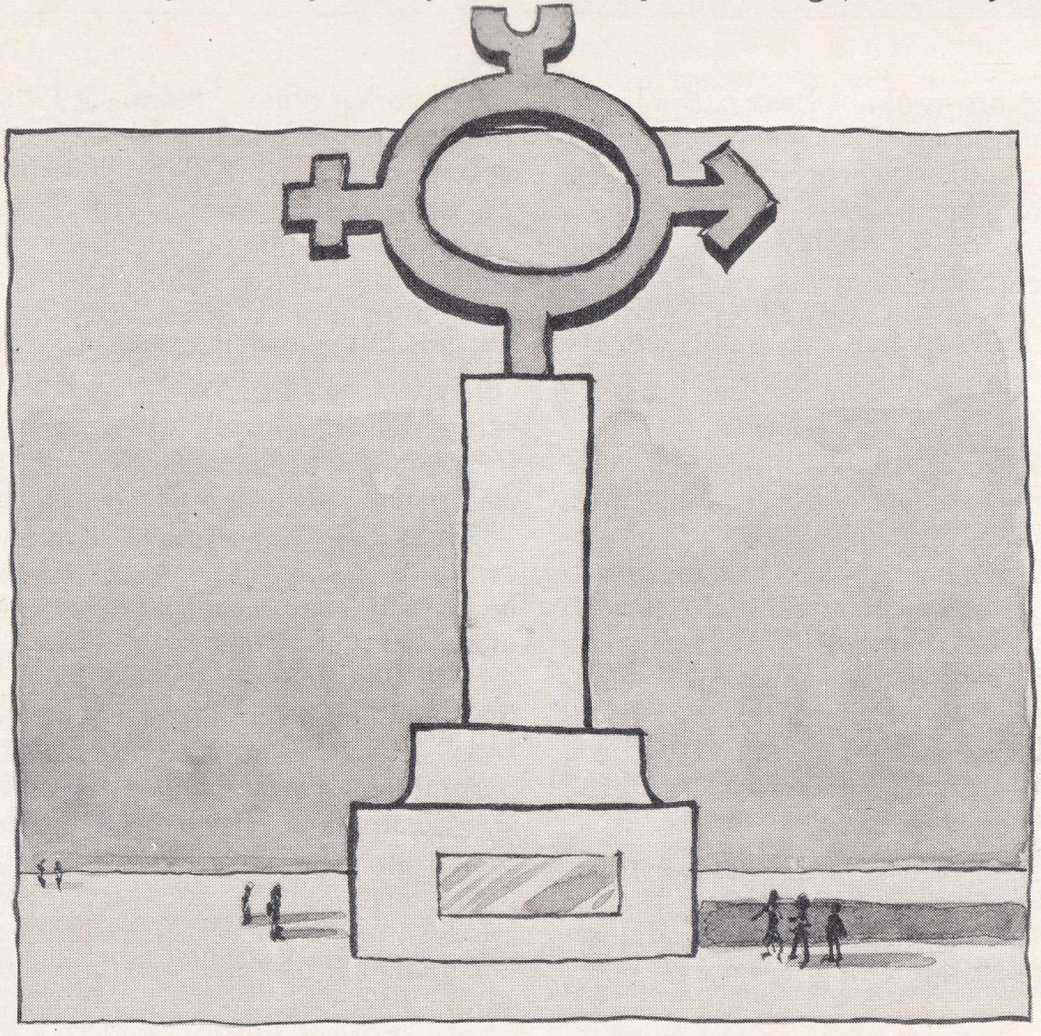
lot of marital breakups, also causes some impotency in both men and women."

Why is it that sexual minorities, the minute they emerge from the closet, usually start telling the world that their way is best? Barbach says, "There wouldn't be any reason to say homosexuality was best unless someone was saying heterosexuality was best. If you feel discriminated against, you tend to make your own sexuality sound overly fantastic. If society was more tolerant, all this overstatement wouldn't be needed."

Barbach hopes something good will come of all this: "In a way, there may be some good side effects. Even though a lot of people are getting very confused, other individuals, who never thought much about what their sexual options were, are starting to think about them. As soon as all the possible varieties of sexual expression are fully exploited, maybe then all the options will be acceptable to society."

The push and shove of sexual groups may, in some ways, be very healthy, but more each fiscal quarter, sex is becoming a consumer item with built-in planned obsolescence; trade in your sexual orientation for this year's new style. Sexual elitism isn't just one group feeling superior to another, it is this year's sexual fad merchandised like cars and clothes.

"Three years ago there was something called 'wife-swapping,' " says author Dan Greenburg in a *Mademoiselle* interview, "which sounds rather quaint now. Everything in America is geared to planned obsolescence. We're changing our cars every one, two or three years because style changes, and the same is true of sex. American sex is monitored by a consumerist attitude. In a sense, Hugh Hefner is the Ralph Nader of sex. He'll tell you what sex practices turn out to be efficient, he'll rate them for you . . . Sex for us now is a product. The old standard product was having an orgasm. The new, improved product was multiple orgasm. We've gone through a lot of product options like group sex, open marriage, and kinky sex may



be simply the newest product option.

"Americans are very interested in performance, I think, and very into what their neighbor's got. And if what their neighbor's got is multiple orgasm, then that's what they want . . . it seems to be a contradiction but while appearing to have sex to please the partners, people are really having sex to watch their own performance . . . In a way, people don't really experience sex at all. Because they have too much stuff going on in their heads, like 'How good was I? Did I do seven on a scale of ten, or eight?' Now we keep up with the Joneses sexually . . . so perhaps sex *is* a sport in America. Then it's only right that people are in the equipment business, supplying the practitioners of that particular sport."

Perhaps tolerance will be the final victor in this mad race. Until then, we need a little self-protective skepticism. Each of us should figure out where we stand and when it's time to duck. ◔

Richard Louv is a San Diego-based free-lance writer. He served as director of Option, an organization that provides poverty areas with medical professionals, and is the author of **The Far End of America,** *a book about Ocean Beach, California.*

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Suckling Sensation

Breast feeding can provide a meal for baby and an erotic feast for mom

By JANET CHASE-MARSHALL

"The first time I put my baby to my breast was one of the sensual highlights of my life. All of the feelings, all of the sensations that had ever been a part of my emotional or physical experience were a part of that moment. Everything—from when I was a child, playing in the mud on a warm spring day to being held close by my own parents to making love for the first time—all of it was there."

The animated young mother suddenly stopped in mid-rapture, aware that her words were being recorded, that her eyes had an awfully fervent gleam in them, that her hands had been flailing the air in her excitement. She hoped, she said, that I didn't think her very strange.

Some people might have. After all, here she was speaking about motherhood and sensuality in the same breath, as if one had anything to do with the other, for Godsake. We have long done our best to clearly separate Mom and Sex. Witness the eternal standoff we have created between the Madonna and the Whore.

One can be sexy or one can be a mother. And it's seldom, if ever, that the twain shall meet. One can have boobs-tits-knockers or one can have breasts. One is to titillate; the other is to nourish.

Is it any wonder then that some mothers who breast feed get a bad case of the guilts if they receive sensual—sometimes even sexual—pleasure when they nurse?

A quarter of the breast feeding women in Masters and Johnson's small study expressed feelings of deep guilt about feeling sexually aroused when they nursed. Several women who had chosen not to breast feed told the researchers they decided to stick with the bottle because they found themselves getting turned on when they nursed a previous baby. The researchers reassured the hung-up women that there was nothing perverse about getting turned on when they nursed their children. In fact, they said, that may be just Mother Nature's way of establishing a close rapport between mother and child in those first months.

One young woman who breast feeds her 19-month-old daughter is a registered nurse in an obstetrics unit of a general hospital. She reports that many of the new mothers on her ward become really concerned when they find out firsthand that breast feeding does feel good. "It's almost as if they think they are perverts. We tell them, 'Hey, that's great. That's just the way it's supposed to feel.' "

Of course, not all women experience the sensuous side of nursing. According to Niles Newton, PhD, a psychologist at Northwestern University, that's probably

PHOTOGRAPHY: RON MESAROS

because our culture does its best to keep any taint of sexuality out of the nursery. "If we permitted intercourse only at scheduled times, set up rules for the exact number of minutes intromission should last, and initiated it in a strange semipublic environment, sexual orgasm would be unlikely to occur."

As Newton points out, society does manage breast feeding rituals like that. In the hospital, mother and infant are usually separated except for brief interludes; both are usually clothed at feeding time, and Mom might even pop on a "nipple shield."

"Rules about timing and amount of sucking permitted are invented and enforced by persons who usually have never successfully breast fed even one baby," chides Newton. "Natural rhythms between mother and infant are often effectively inhibited by such initiation rituals."

Aside from the love and tenderness nursing engenders between mother and child, there are physiological explanations for all that sensual pleasure, Newton says. Much of what goes on in a woman's body during intercourse also happens when she nurses; the uterus contracts, the nipples become stimulated and erect and body temperature rises. It seems that the nerve pathways from the nipples to the hypothalamic portion of the brain don't care a whit about the nature of the stimulus.

Masters and Johnson report that, in their studies, sexual stimulation during breast feeding frequently carried women to the plateau level of response, while a few even experienced all-out orgasm (another indication, they point out parenthetically, that the hormone called oxytocin, released during breast feeding, also plays a role in female orgasm).

Whatever the physiological origins, nursing often does seem to temporarily alter a woman's sexuality. Some women report that they feel generally sexier and that this is reflected in their relationships with their husbands, while others say that the pleasure they derive from breast feeding seems to replace for a time their need for other forms of sensual expressions.

According to Masters and Johnson, women who breast fed their babies reported a prompter return to sexuality—and to higher levels of sexuality—than those who kept baby sucking on a bottle. Another researcher found that women who nursed their babies were much more tolerant about sexual matters, including masturbation or sex play.

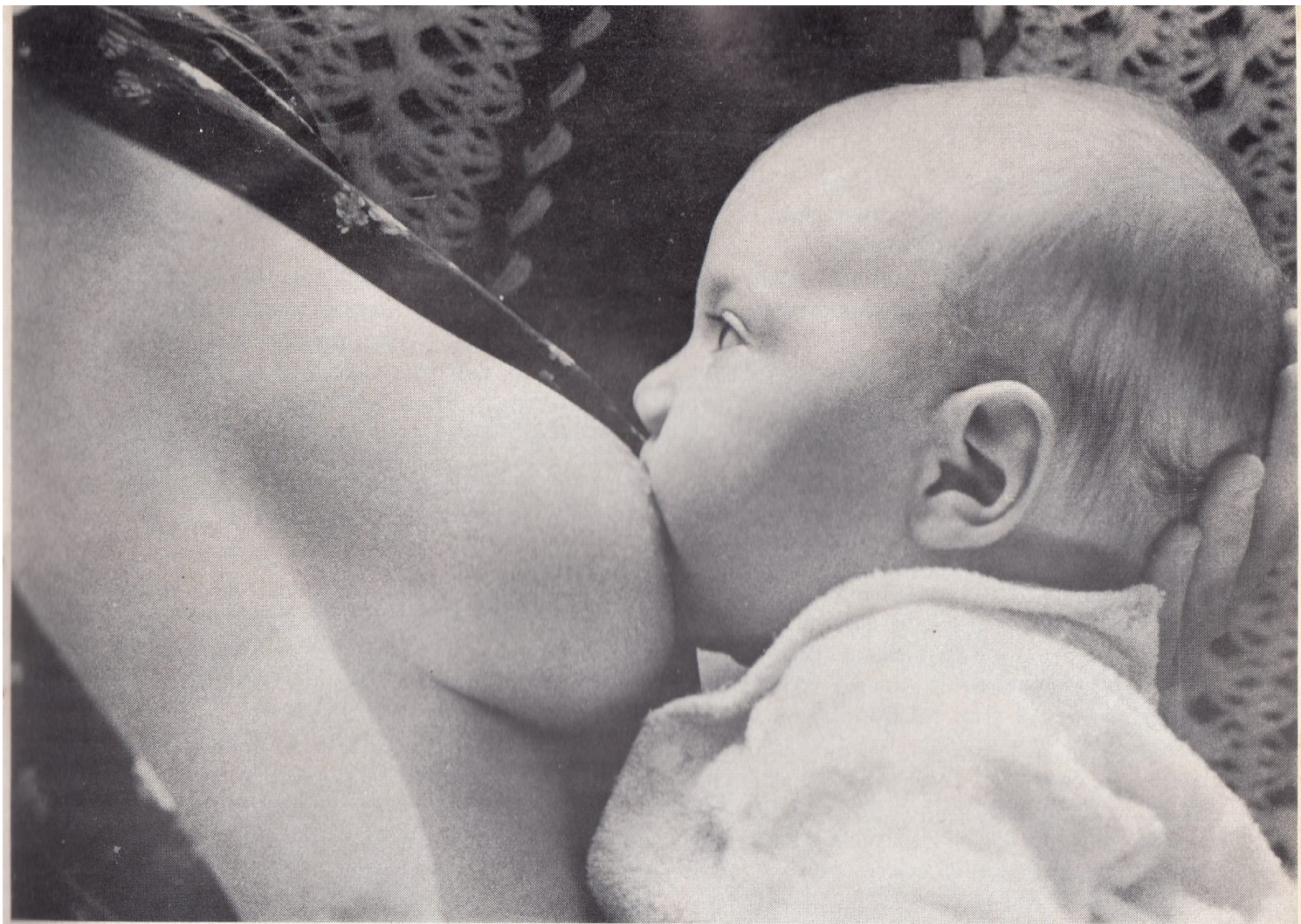
Karen Pryor, author of the popular breast feeding manifesto, *Nursing Your Baby,* pooh-poohs the notion that women who nurse are sexier. She writes: "The nursing mother may feel compliant about sexual relations without actually being eager. This may in part be due to temporary abeyance of the menstrual cycle, with its mood swings and peaks of desire. It may be due also to the fact that nursing a baby provides some of the fringe benefits of sex: closeness to another person, a feeling of being admired and cherished, and the reassurance that one is needed and wanted.

"The wise wife," she adds sagely, "remembers not to be too satisfied with these fringe benefits."

Recently, I had coffee with a group of nursing mothers who are enthusiastic members of an organization dedicated to spreading the word about the benefits and joys of nursing. While we talked, seven or eight babies and toddlers played noisily in the background, occasionally interrupting their respective mothers for a quick pick-me-up.

Sheila, about 28, began. "It's a real joy to nourish your baby from your body. It is sensual, but in my mind, not sexual, although there is sometimes an almost nonexistent line between the two. The breast plays a very important part in the relationship with your husband and it is carried out with your infant as nature intended it to be."

Gwen, the obstetrics nurse, looks forward to coming home at the end of a long working day, taking off her clothes and lying down to nurse her daughter. "Sometimes my husband, Nancy and I get in bed and play together. It's pretty innocent



play. Nancy likes to go back and forth between us, pretending to nurse on Jim. And she likes us to nurse on her.

"Lots of times, we'll be in bed, the three of us, and Nancy will fall asleep nursing. Jim and I will end up making love just because it's all been such a neat thing."

Gwen is one of those women who has had an occasional orgasm while nursing, soon after she had her baby. "After I had Nancy, my breasts were super-sensitive. You touched them and I went through the ceiling. That has leveled off somewhat, but I am still much more aware of my breasts and get more pleasure from having them touched."

Andi, a tall woman with short curly hair and a quick laugh, says breast feeding, for her, is "the feeling of starting a love affair." She says there was never any problem when her baby woke up and demanded to be fed in the middle of making love with her husband. "We would just pop her into bed with us and she would nurse while my husband and I would continue to stimulate each other.

"It was very much a turn-on for both of us," she explains, "but I was always very aware that I was not turned on toward my baby."

Jill, whose five-week-old infant seemed to be suckling continuously, says that before Cassie was born, she worried that breast feeding might be sexually stimulating. "I've always enjoyed breast stimulation as a part of foreplay. It didn't seem quite right to have those same feelings with my baby. When I began to nurse, it was a very sensual experience for me, but there was a definite difference between the stimulation from my husband and that from my baby. When Cassie is nursing, I feel like I do after I have an orgasm, sort of warm and full."

(Jill's description of her experience is in agreement with Karen Pryor, in *Nursing Your Baby:* "Once the milk has let down, the mother should and does feel patient and tranquil rather than excited or anticipatory.")

All of the women agreed that breast feeding was also a source of stimulation to their husbands. "My husband loves to watch me nurse," said one. "He also likes

going to our group meetings, at least partly because watching any woman nurse is a very sexual thing for him."

Another said: "My husband really enjoys having the milk in his mouth when we make love."

But apparently some husbands have reservations about their wives offering their breasts to another person. "I have a friend whose husband didn't want her to nurse because he said her breasts belonged to him. My husband isn't that bad," she laughed. "He does consider my breasts as his, but at least he doesn't mind loaning them out for a while."

Her friend nodded. "Sometimes if my daughter sees my husband touch my breast, she will slap his hand and shout 'Mine.' He'll tease her and say, 'No, mine.' At times like that, I just want to put them away and say, 'They're mine, and no one is going to touch them for at least the next five minutes.' "

Several of the women agreed that the combination of nursing and lovemaking sometimes equalled too much physical contact and too much sensuality. Consequently, they allowed their lovemaking sessions with their husbands to taper off for a while. "Some women feel their sex drive is lower," explained one of the mothers, "because they are getting a lot of sexual pleasure from nursing without ever realizing it."

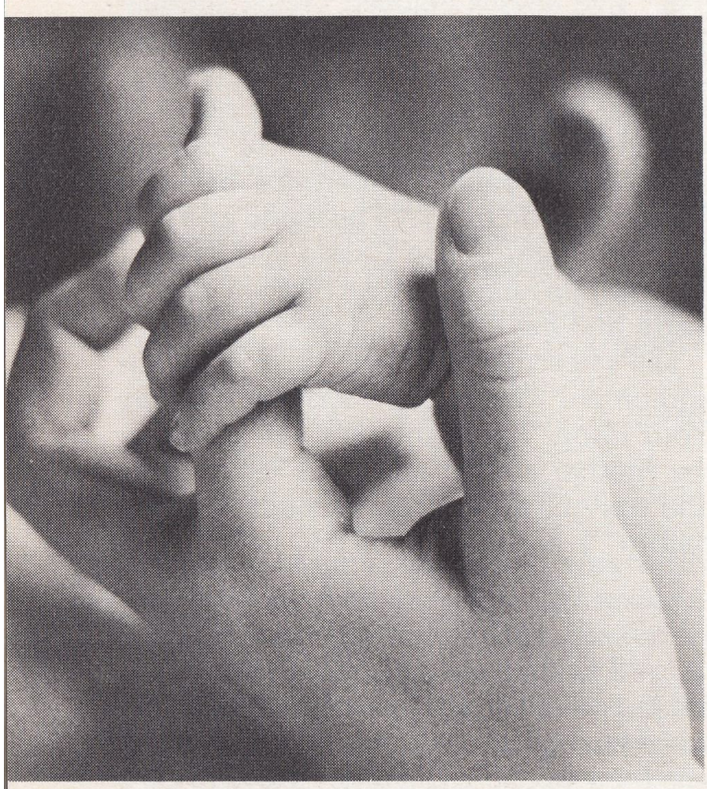
During those kinds of saturation periods, some of the nursing women didn't attempt to get the ultimate pleasure from intercourse, but instead were content to concentrate on their husbands' needs.

Because lactation delays ovulation and menstruation (some nursing women may not see a period for a year), it does seem to act as sort of a natural birth control pill. But, according to researchers and women who have found out the hard way, any woman who depends on mother's milk to prevent conception is playing a dangerous game. You do not have to have had a period to get pregnant again.

Women who ordinarily scorn public displays of sexuality (simulated or otherwise) often find a new relaxation about baring a bit of their breast in public to feed Baby. "I couldn't be a topless dancer," said quiet Elaine. "But if somebody happens to see my breast while I'm nursing, I'm not embarrassed. In fact, I'm really kind of proud. What I am doing is natural; it isn't done to stimulate someone who is not a part of what I'm doing."

Another woman piped up. "A lot of women won't breast feed because they want to keep their breasts as sex objects, but I think they are much more sensuous when they are used the way they are supposed to be used." As she spoke, a chubby toddler climbed up on her lap and grasped a breast with one hand, while sucking the thumb of her other hand.

The women emphasized that nursing is not always a sensual experience. As one said, sometimes you take a shower because you are grundgy. Other times, you take one because the hot fingers of water pounding your body feel so good. The same goes for nursing. Sometimes it is something that has to be sandwiched in between making breakfast and getting off to work. Other times, it's like hearing violins.



***Janet Chase-Marshall, an L.A. based writer, has been a contributing editor to* Human Behavior *for four years. She has written articles on social science and psychology for many other publications, including the* Christian Science Monitor.**

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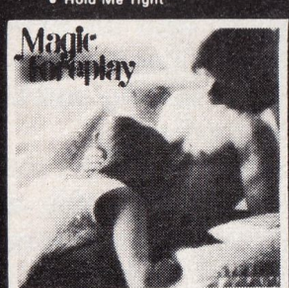

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fantasies

INTERPRETED BY HARVEY TILKER, PhD, & JACK ARNOLD

ROSE PETALS

Ms. Reynolds sometimes fantasizes that her lover is a stranger; in other visions she recognizes him as the current man in her life. Be he fact or fantasy, she realizes too many expectations may result in disappointment in the future. Perhaps, but the future is distant and unknown—and roses are the present.

I am soaking in an old-fashioned bathtub with its brass handles and stubby claw legs. The perfume of the bubble bath fills the air and smells like roses, my favorite flower. I feel warm, relaxed and completely at ease. Four candles burn brightly; they are the only source of light in the room.

Sam walks into the bathroom, with two glasses of wine and a single red rose. We smile. We don't exchange a single word, but the tension and energy between us says everything. The expressions in our eyes are terribly intense—we're creating our own reality, we're the only two humans on earth.

I lie back among the bubbles and enjoy being looked at. The bubbles play hide-and-seek with my body. Sam reaches out and slowly helps me to my feet. With soft but firm strokes of a fluffy towel, Sam dries me, while sparks of energy and desire run up and down my body. I moan softly, "Oh, now Sam. Please, now!"

Picking me up gently, Sam kisses me. Our lips touch, and it is as if all the world's great tastes are put into our mouths for us to savor. Our tongues are fresh ripe oranges, and our lips squeeze the juice. I grab Sam with all my strength; I want him inside me desperately! He tells me to wait.

"I have a surprise for you tonight," he says, smiling into the face of my frustration. "Be patient, my love. It will be better if we wait. Let's go into the bedroom."

We walk into the room and I discover that it's full of candles: drip candles on the dresser, sand candles on the window sill. The soft orange glow flickers, creating weird and fascinating shapes and shadows. Suddenly, I hear the music, a single flute, echoing about as if it were in a huge canyon. Then, I see the bed!

On the king-size four poster are *thousands* of rose petals! Yellow, pink, white, black and red rose petals cover the velvet bedspread. Realizing all the trouble Sam has gone to just for me, my eyes suddenly fill with tears of happiness. Sam has removed his pants. I look into his eyes and I know that now—finally—it is time.

I lie on the rose petals. They feel like tiny feathers slowly stroking me. They feel like satin as I slide among them. For a few moments, I am lost to the feel and fragrance.

Sam piles petals onto my rosy skin and pushes them to and fro with his experienced tongue. He moves a soft clump of petals between my legs, sniffing and licking my rose-covered crotch.

"Sam! Come into me now! I can't stand it any longer." He chuckles softly and positions himself above my now-spread vagina.

"I love you."

"I love you, too."

He enters my hot, wet, "rose garden" with one smooth thrust. Our bodies immediately begin moving as one. The music, the scent, the candle flames and my lover all fill me, moving in and out, in and out.

The sounds and smells reach to the center of my being. Suddenly, waves and waves of orgasm overtake us. The intensity puts my mind into a complete void, a free-floating freedom. I am, at the same time, not there and nowhere else. With a rose petal between his lips, Sam kisses me.

Interpretation: ***On the surface, Ms. Reynolds' fantasy is an old-fashioned love story; beneath the surface, her fantasy is . . . an old-fashioned love story. The single red rose, the candlelight, the precious dialogue—these are the delicate trappings of poetic love, circa Percy Bysshe Shelley. And "Rose Petals" is evidence of the writer's poetic-love psyche, or soul, as well as an expression of need—the need for old-fashioned romanticism.***

Contemporary folks just aren't as "romantic" as their earlier counterparts. But, while overt romanticism no longer typifies our sexual behavior (when was the last time you received verse on tear-stained parchment?), the desire for romantic drama still exists for most of us. In our culture, which emphasizes speed and reality (Belfast bombings in the living room via instantaneous satellite broadcasts), we have few opportunities for rose-petal courtship—except in fantasy.

ILLUSTRATIONS: RICHARD COSTELLOE

WHAT'S A FATHER TO DO?

Ed was divorced six years ago and, upon remarrying, moved from the East coast to California. Although he kept in close contact with his children (Rita, 13 and Clark, 8 at the time of the divorce) visits were less frequent than phone calls and letters. When business trips permitted, he would see them for a day or two at a time, and always together. When it came time for college, Rita applied to and was accepted at a junior college near her father's new home. Ed and Penny (his present wife) agreed to have Rita live with them until she acclimated to the school and new surroundings. Living in such close contact with his daughter, now a young, fully blossomed woman instead of a little girl, has its advantages for Ed (at least in fantasy).

Rita's been living with us for three months now and I find myself spending more time and energy trying not to show how hot she makes me. It may sound sick to some (and like bragging to others) because she's my daughter, but she is incredibly beautiful and sexy. Her black hair comes down to her waist, accentuating an earthy, very sultry body. And, she has magnificent tits; tits which stand straight, nipples pointing toward the sky all the time, and she never wears a bra!

During the last month or so I began noticing how much I was turned on to her. Sometimes, when we are all sitting around watching TV, or just talking, I feel this hardon beginning to fill my pants. A few times I haven't been able to control it and had to leave the room to jerk off in the bathroom, both to calm myself down and to keep Penny from noticing something. Especially at these times, but it's been happening more and more lately, I have this fantasy about fucking her and having her do a number on me.

Penny is taking a pottery class and is gone every Saturday morning for about three hours. This particular Saturday morning, still in our bathrobes, Rita and I are drinking coffee in the living room and talking about the sexual practices of some tribe she's learning about in her anthropology class. Suddenly, I feel my prick starting to stiffen and slowly come to life. I shift slightly to keep it and my discomfort from showing. But it keeps getting harder and I am forced to keep squirming. The conversation has stopped. All I am aware of is the throbbing in my prick and the heavy breathing coming from both of us.

Rita is now fidgeting in her chair, staring directly at me. No longer able to avoid looking at her, my eyes find her crotch, slightly visible through an opening in the robe, and become glued there. "I hear you and Penny screwing all the time, but I can usually put a pillow over my head to blot out the sounds. Last night I couldn't. I got so hot I began playing with myself and came just about the same time Penny came."

I'm confused (to say the least), vacillating between shocked surprise and almost overpowering horniness. Before I am able to compose myself enough to answer, Rita gets up from her chair, her robe parting slightly, crosses over, and sits down next to me on the sofa. Awkwardly, she leans over, undoing the belt of my robe, and opens it completely. My prick jumps straight up, jack-in-the-box fashion, meeting her awestruck gaze.

"That's a great cock, Dad. Now I understand why Penny makes so much noise when the two of you fuck. It's fantastic for sucking. Does Penny like to eat you?"

As the sweat begins dripping from my armpits, it's all I can do to keep from attacking her right then and there. Her hard, pinkish-brown nipples are staring me straight in the eyes, and a faint sexual smell rises from her crotch and fills my nostrils. I'm surprised to hear myself say, "No, Penny chokes from the taste of come and I can't handle having her pull her mouth off just as I start coming. Even though she continues playing with me, it's worse than jerking off."

"That's silly," she says while looking hungrily at the wet spot on the tip of my prick, "it tastes great! I love sucking guys off almost as much as I like fucking them." I stare blankly as she continues. "Some guys are such lousy fucks that I'm satisfied if I can eat them and have them eat me,

and I like eating them more than their eating me."

My look reflects my uncontrollable desire and guilt. "Oh, Dad, I am 19 and I've been on The Pill for over a year. Don't look so shocked. I don't fuck every guy I meet, but I *really do* like sex."

She places the tip of her index finger on the tip of my prick and slowly moves it in circles, using my own wetness as its lube.

"Ohh, Rita, please, please," manages to escape through my rapid and heavy panting. She bends over and takes the full length of my prick into her mouth. Before she is able to start sucking, I explode. Even though I screwed the night before, I come as though I haven't screwed in years—spurts become gushes, and gushes become torrents. Rita's mouth stays on my prick, moving up and down, helping to suck out every last drop of juice.

Surprisingly (that is, in comparison to Penny's eating me), I do not lose my hardon after coming. Having swallowed every last drop, her warm, wet mouth continues sucking while her fingernails are running across my balls in time to the flicking of her tongue. It's as though I were a volcano in a perpetual state of eruption. Although I don't think of trying, I just can't seem to stop coming. Orgasm follows orgasm, each one (although slightly weaker) surpassing the one before it. The more I come, the harder she sucks, swallowing and (from her muffled throaty sounds) enjoying it as though it were her favorite of the 31 flavors.

I let go of her head as I feel there is nothing left inside of me. Her head remains buried deep in my crotch, my prick still hard and resting in her mouth. She continues sucking for a few minutes longer—her tongue darting rapidly back and forth, while her lips tighten, then ease, tighten, then ease, and slowly move up and down the entire length of my prick. Very, very slowly (almost torturously so) her head lifts and she cups my balls and prick in her hands. With a final, gentle kiss

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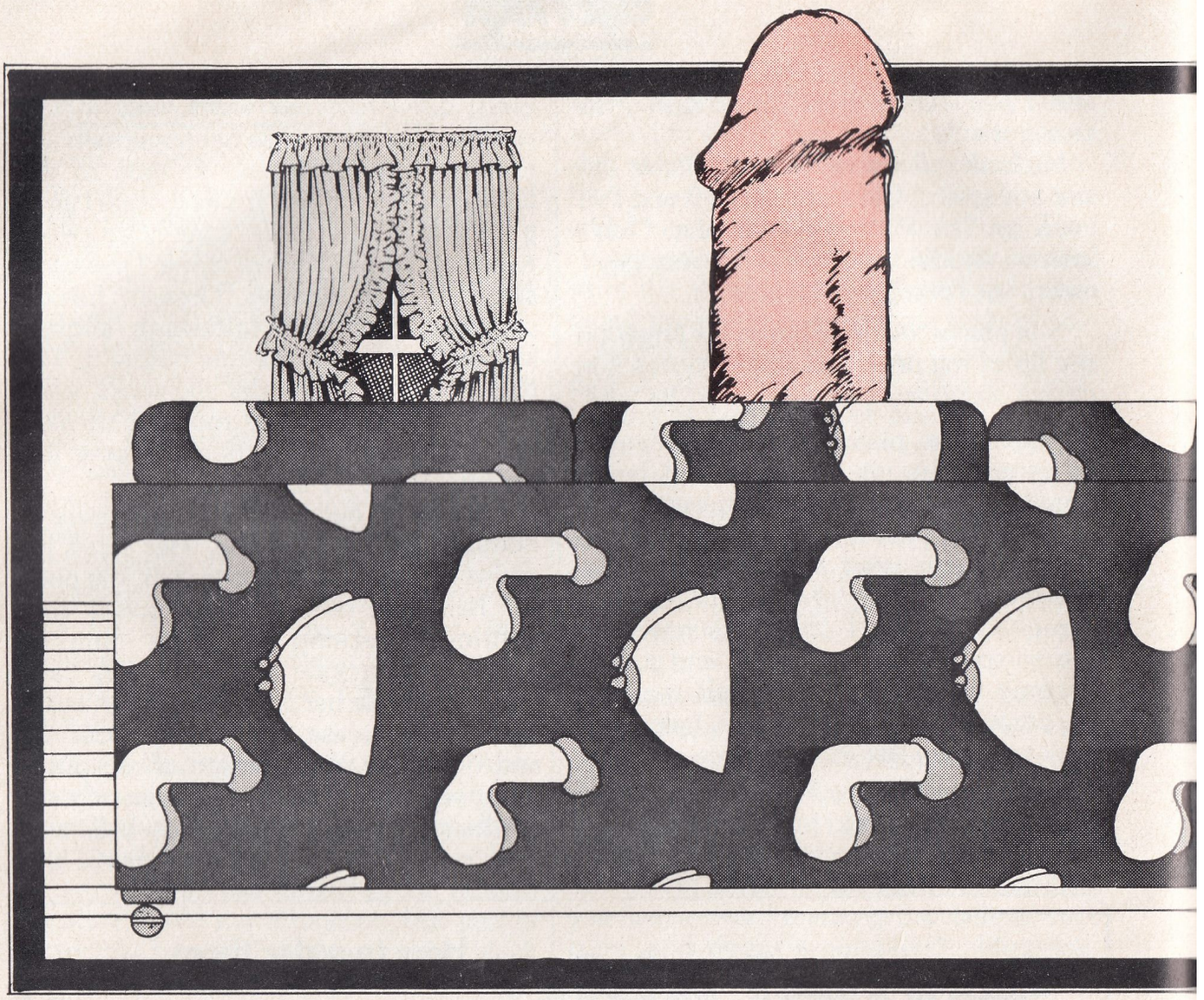


on the tip of my prick, she rests her head against my chest. Leaning back, I close my eyes and help her snuggle into my arms. She is warm and relaxed as we both drift, waiting for our hearts to slow down.

This has been, without a question, the most beautiful (almost unbearably beautiful) experience of being eaten I have ever had. We hug warmly, gently, telling each other that everything will be all right and that our love for each other, as father and daughter, will continue unchanged.

Interpretation: ***Of all sexual taboos and prohibitions, incest comes closest to being universal. Interestingly enough, however, the actual practice of incest in present day Western culture is more common than most experts care to admit. It is one of the few remaining sexual practices that carries a prison sentence in every state.***

Incest has existed throughout recorded history, but has usually been reserved for the priestly and wealthy—those who have written and transmitted the rules punishing such behavior. From the Egyptian Pharaohs, who practiced incest as a godly, devotional duty, to the Renaissance nobility who simply wished to keep the blood lines pure as a way of making sure the money stayed within the family.

Social and economic factors notwithstanding, one can never predict what turns on another person. Yet we try to tell people what cannot turn them on. Ed's fantasy would produce shock, scorn, and retribution, even in liberal California. Although many may find the object, language, and imagery disgusting, how many can deny having had such fantasies at least once in their lifetime? Who better than those of your own blood to fantasize about—to share our deepest of emotions and most se-

cret of desires? Although logic tells us that it would make the most sense to be sexually intimate with those we know the longest and care about and trust the most, logic often runs a poor second to fears perpetuated by those who don't practice what they preach. It's a pity Freud helped to perpetuate the ancient taboos against incest with such impressive sounding words as Oedipus and Electra. He could have helped lessen the burden of guilt surrounding fantasies of incest.

WHILE THE CATS ARE AWAY . . .

Sharin and Kim, both happily married, work as office nurses for a group of obstetricians and gynecologists. Until recently, their friendship was limited to the nine-to-five work setting and holiday office parties. Their husbands were out of town one weekend so they decided to spend some time shopping, dining out and seeing a movie. A closer friendship, as well as a fantasy for Sharin resulted.

I had made an appointment for my yearly gynecological exam with the only doctor who works in our offices on Friday. But when he's called to the hospital for an emergency, the office is without a doctor, and I'm without an exam . . . almost.

As Kim and I straighten up the examining rooms, I mention that I won't be able to get my check-up today. Kim, who had just finished changing the paper on the examining table, offers to do the exam and take the Pap smear. Since we both know our own bodies, are R.N.'s, and have assisted in hundreds of such examinations, I agree that she could do just as good an exam as "old Hammer Hands." I know and trust her as well as some of the docs in the office. So why wait for another day? Although we don't have to pay for the exams, neither do we get any special treatment when it comes to the doctors' spare time.

The momentary self-consciousness I'm feeling slips away, along with my uniform. Kim and I joke about how the patients must feel when they have to sit around waiting for the doctor. Kim's voice has a calming effect and works on me the way I've seen it work on "real" patients.

Realizing that I'm still wearing my bra and panties, we laugh at my "relaxed reluctance." More comfortable now, but still feeling a warm flush in my cheeks, I slip off the last of my clothing and sit on the edge of the examining table. Kim's chatter is continuous and her voice is soothingly reassuring. I barely react to the gentle pressure of her fingers as she scans my breasts for any signs of lumps.

"Now you check yourself," she says, "as a double check on me."

I probe searchingly, feeling nothing out of the ordinary.

"OK Now, moving right along . . ." I add jokingly as I lie back on the table and adjust my feet in the stirrups. We continue talking about the little French restaurant we're going to as Kim takes the Pap smear and does the internal.

I make no attempt to get up after Kim finishes examining me. It feels really good just lying there on the cool table, legs spread wide. There's no discomfort, and no place to rush to. Kim comes back into the room and jokingly says "The doctor will see you now, Mrs. P."

"You're better than any of the doc-

tors," I say suddenly. "Your hands are smaller and softer. What else can they do?" Kim gives me a mischievous grin and quickly slips a rubber glove on her hand. Within seconds, she slides her finger into my anus with such gentle ease that telling me to relax is almost unnecessary.

Closing my eyes, a soft "Ooohh" escapes as Kim's finger rotates and slowly slides in and out. Looking down between my widespread legs, I see Kim's head buried in my crotch. She starts to slowly suck my labia while she firmly rubs circles around my clitoris with her previously unoccupied hand. Her thin, long, gently probing fingers and soft, darting tongue really make me squirm (I'm not a moaner) as I come close to orgasm.

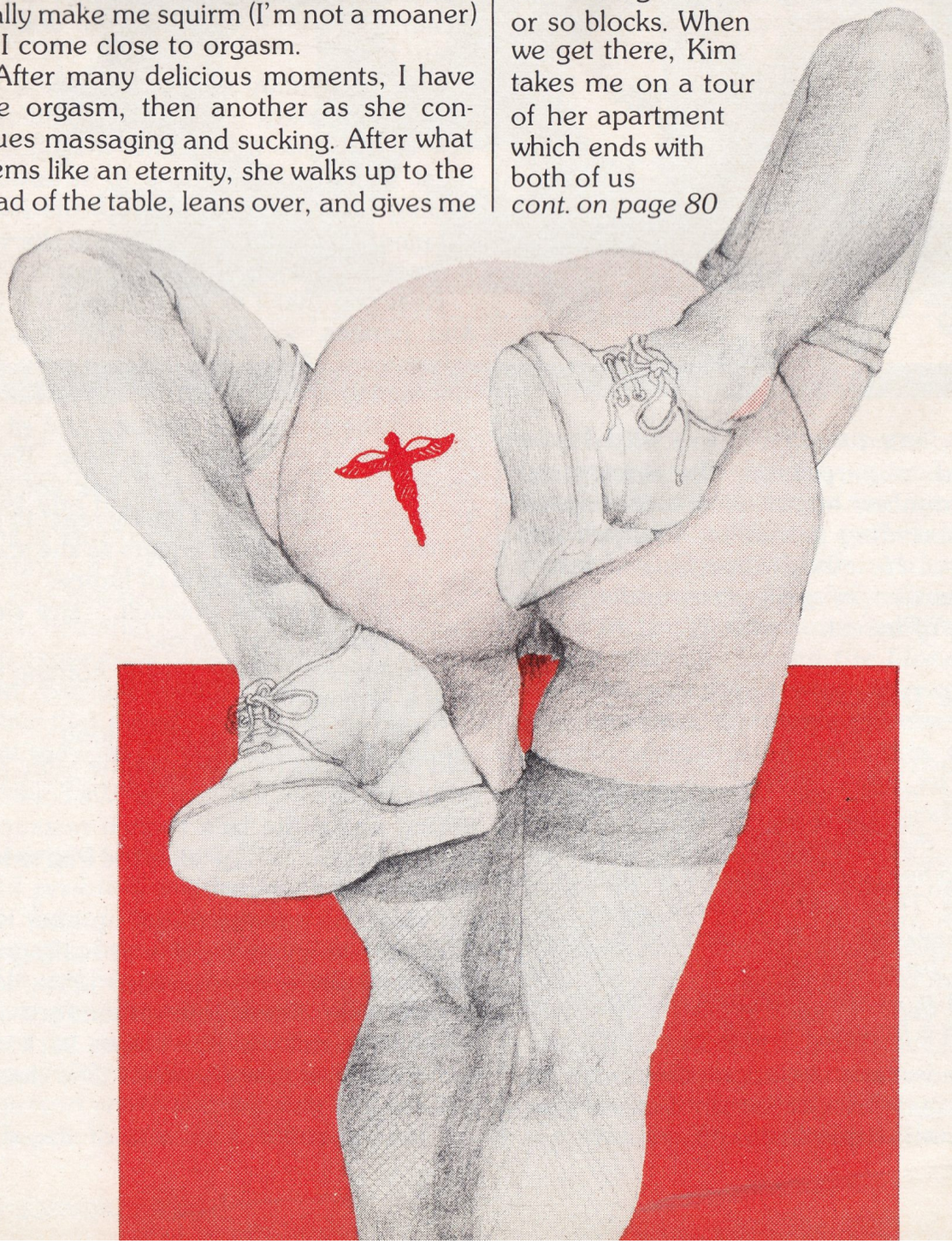
After many delicious moments, I have one orgasm, then another as she continues massaging and sucking. After what seems like an eternity, she walks up to the head of the table, leans over, and gives me a long, deep tongue kiss.

"Thank you!" I say softly. "For that little treat I'll buy the dinner."

"My pleasure as well," says Kim, smiling as she licks the perspiration from my forehead.

Our dinner is marvelous and the liter of Burgundy leaves us both with a warm, glowing feeling of fullness. It doesn't take us long to decide that we really don't feel like shopping or seeing a movie. Kim suggests we go to her apartment, since her husband is also out of town, and spend the rest of the evening relaxing and making love. It's raining but we both feel like walking the seven or so blocks. When we get there, Kim takes me on a tour of her apartment which ends with both of us

cont. on page 80



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AFS-5/7

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Date of Birth	Month	Day	Year
Time of Birth	AM	PM	( ) Don't know (We'll use noon)
Place of Birth	City	State	Country

standing in the main bedroom, our clothes and hair soaking wet. Kim directs me to the wine and glasses, as she lights the fireplace in the corner of the room.

I return with the wine and find Kim nude on the king-sized bed. The rain has stopped and the combination of moonlight and firelight fill the room with sparkling beauty. Placing the glasses on the nightstand, I undress quickly.

Still feeling a little light-headed, I spill some of the wine on Kim's breast and stomach as I hand the glass to her. Saying nothing, I lie down next to her and begin licking the wine from her soft, white belly. Slowly, I work upwards and, soon, am licking it off her hard, erect nipple.

Then I begin kissing and sucking her nipple more strenuously. As she begins moaning (Kim is a moaner!), her hands cup my face and pull it up to hers. Running the backs of her fingers across my cheeks, we begin kissing each other—long, deep, gentle kisses. I kiss her all over, licking every crack and crevice I can find. Her body is moving in time with her moaning, as I concentrate on sucking her clitoris. Her orgasm, although noisier, feels no less fulfilling than mine did earlier in the evening. After playing with each other until we are thoroughly satisfied and exhausted, we drift off to sleep in each other's arms. On Monday, when we return to the office, we do not speak about our encounter, and we know we never will. Our friendship remains as it was before, just waiting for the cats to go away again.

Interpretation: ***In 1973,* Redbook Magazine *received 120,000 responses to a questionnaire surveying women's attitudes on subjects related to being female—their roles as wives, mothers, workers, and sexual beings. The general profile that emerged showed these women to be young, politically moderate, and living the conventional lifestyle of marriage and motherhood. However, some surprising and rather unconventional attitudes emerged about the status of these women in American society.***

An overwhelming majority of the respondents realized that they are treated as second class citizens in our male-dominated society. With this realization also came an expression of increased liking for other women, the belief that women should be allowed to determine their own sources of satisfaction, and a strong opposition to being channeled into a particular role. Although disagreeing on the reasons (cultural versus biological determinants), 45 percent of the women believed that the capacity for deep feeling is more common in women than men; 70 percent felt that women have a greater capacity for empathy and intuition; and, nearly half agreed that they found it easier to share their most important feelings with another woman than with a man.

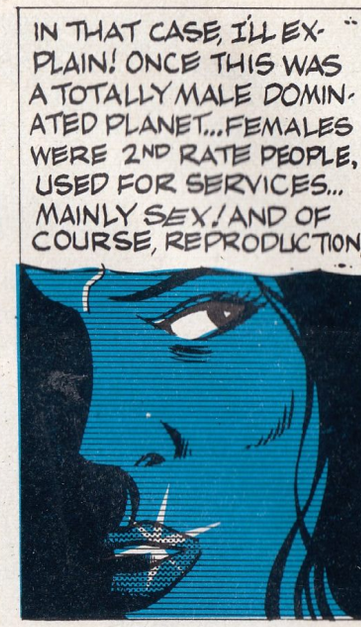
Sharin's fantasy reflects some of the major factors one would expect to find in a woman's decision to become sexually intimate with another female. Even if we try to ignore the fact that human anatomy allows for a wider variety of sexual experiences than those generally sanctioned, we cannot ignore the sense of trust and intimacy that is more likely to develop among equals—especially equals of the same sex who are naturally more aware of their own, as well as other's, physical, sexual, and emotional functioning. Such is the case with Sharin and Kim.

Whether or not bisexuality has increased in recent years is still open to debate since definitive data are impossible to obtain. There is, however, general agreement that discussions of sexuality per se have become more frequent and detailed. This seems to be the case whether one is discussing actual experiences or personal fantasies. This recent openness in women has found support and encouragement in public pronouncements from such diverse sources as sexual liberation groups and rock stars like Elton John. If not at the forefront of sexual behavior, Sharin and Kim are at least willing to explore and share fantasies previously frowned upon.

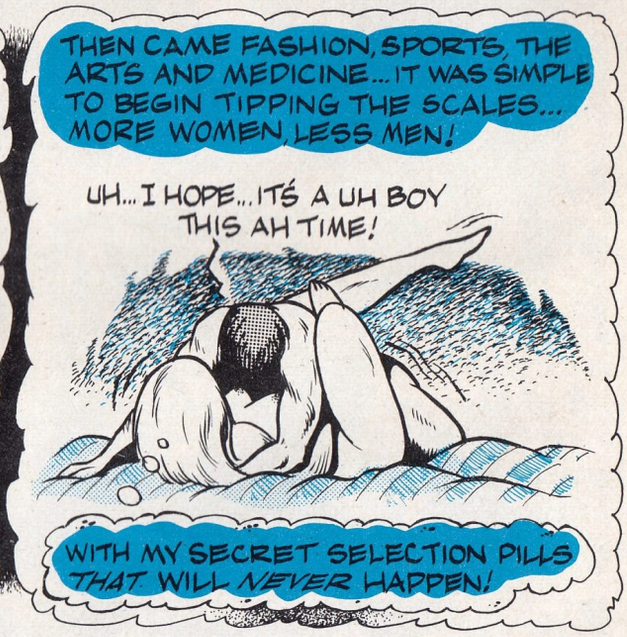
SEX TREK
ADVENTURE IN OUTER SPACE WITH SEXUAL RESEARCHERS DOCTOR CHRIS BLAINE & NEIL ADDAMS
by DENNIS ELLEFSON
ACCORDING TO DATA, STAR FEDERATION SET UP THIS PLANET 200 YEARS AGO, NEIL! WE ARE TO REPORT ON SOCIO-SEXUAL PROGRESS!
200 YEARS! WONDER HOW FAR THEY'VE GOTTEN?
DO YOU SMELL SMOKE?
YES, IT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM OVER THERE!
ONE MOMENT! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT IS THE NATURE OF YOUR VISIT HERE?
OH, HULLO! I'M CHRIS, HE'S NEIL!
WE'RE SEXUAL RESEARCHERS HERE TO REPORT ON YOUR PROGRESS! YOU CAN PUT DOWN THE PIECE, M'DEAR!

DON'T SPEAK TO ME IN THAT MANNER!!... WHY HAVE YOU PLACED YOURSELF ON EQUAL BASIS WITH THIS *MALE*?
IT WORKS RATHER WELL, I...
YOU'RE BEING MANIPULATED AND USED BY THIS INFERIOR PERSON!!

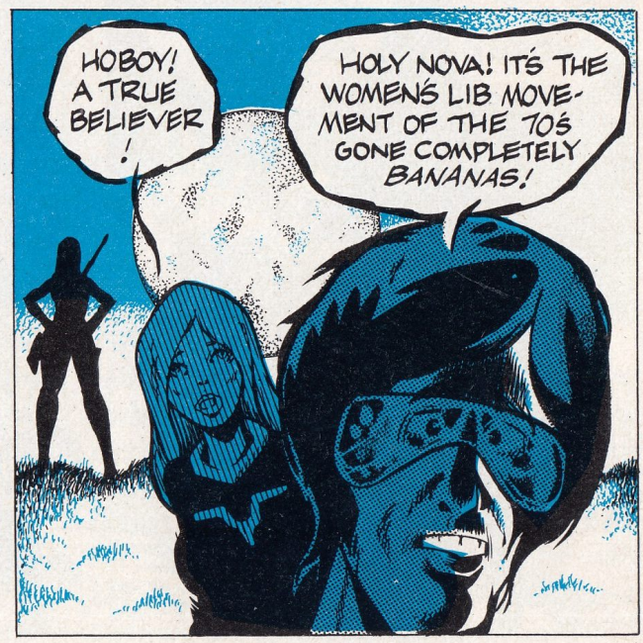
HEY, LOOK!! STAR-FED SENT US HERE! WILL YOU KNOCK OFF THE HOSTILITY ROUTINE?

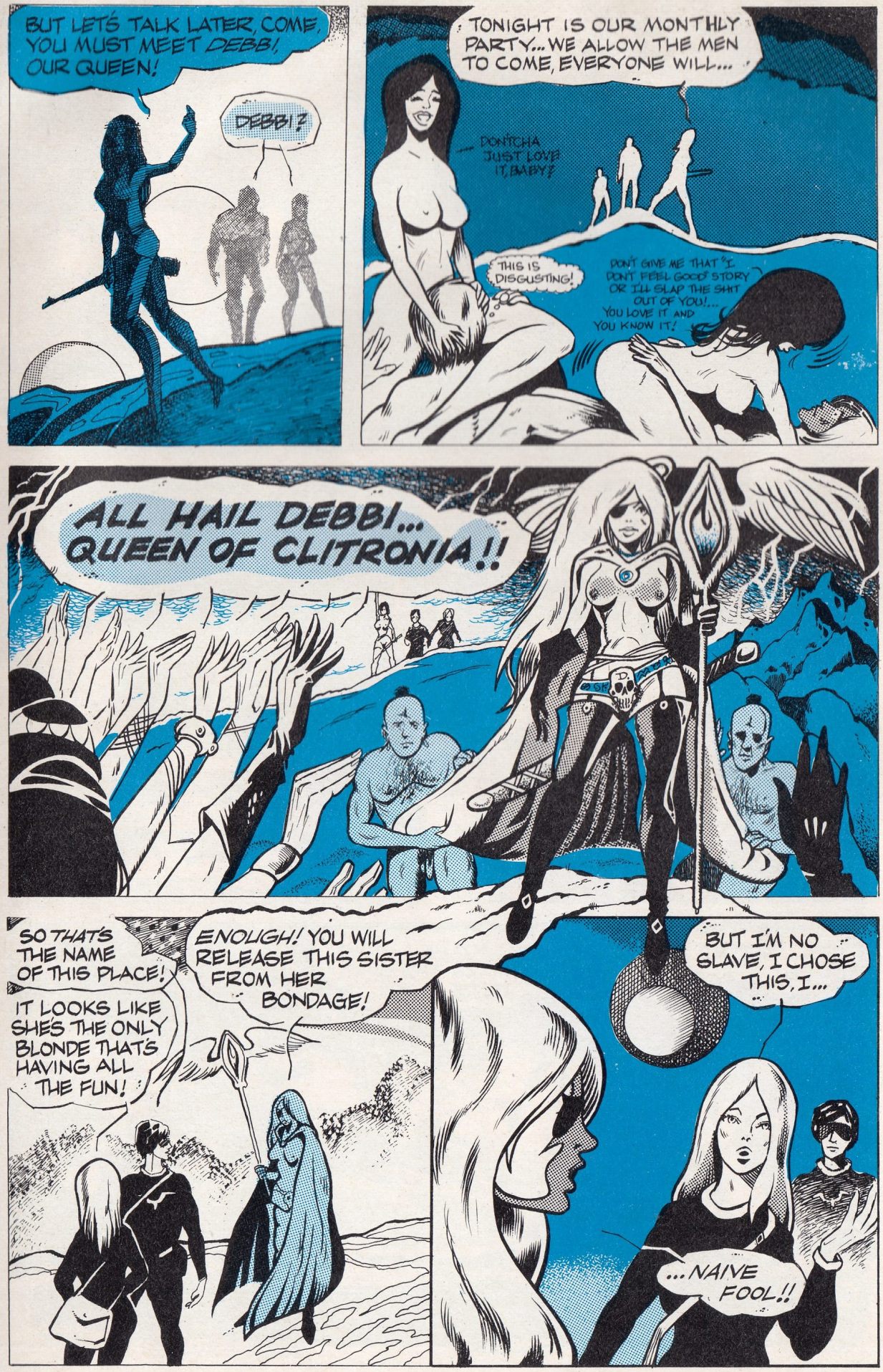

IN THAT CASE, I'LL EXPLAIN! ONCE THIS WAS A TOTALLY MALE DOMINATED PLANET... FEMALES WERE 2ND RATE PEOPLE, USED FOR SERVICES... MAINLY *SEX!* AND OF COURSE, REPRODUCTION!

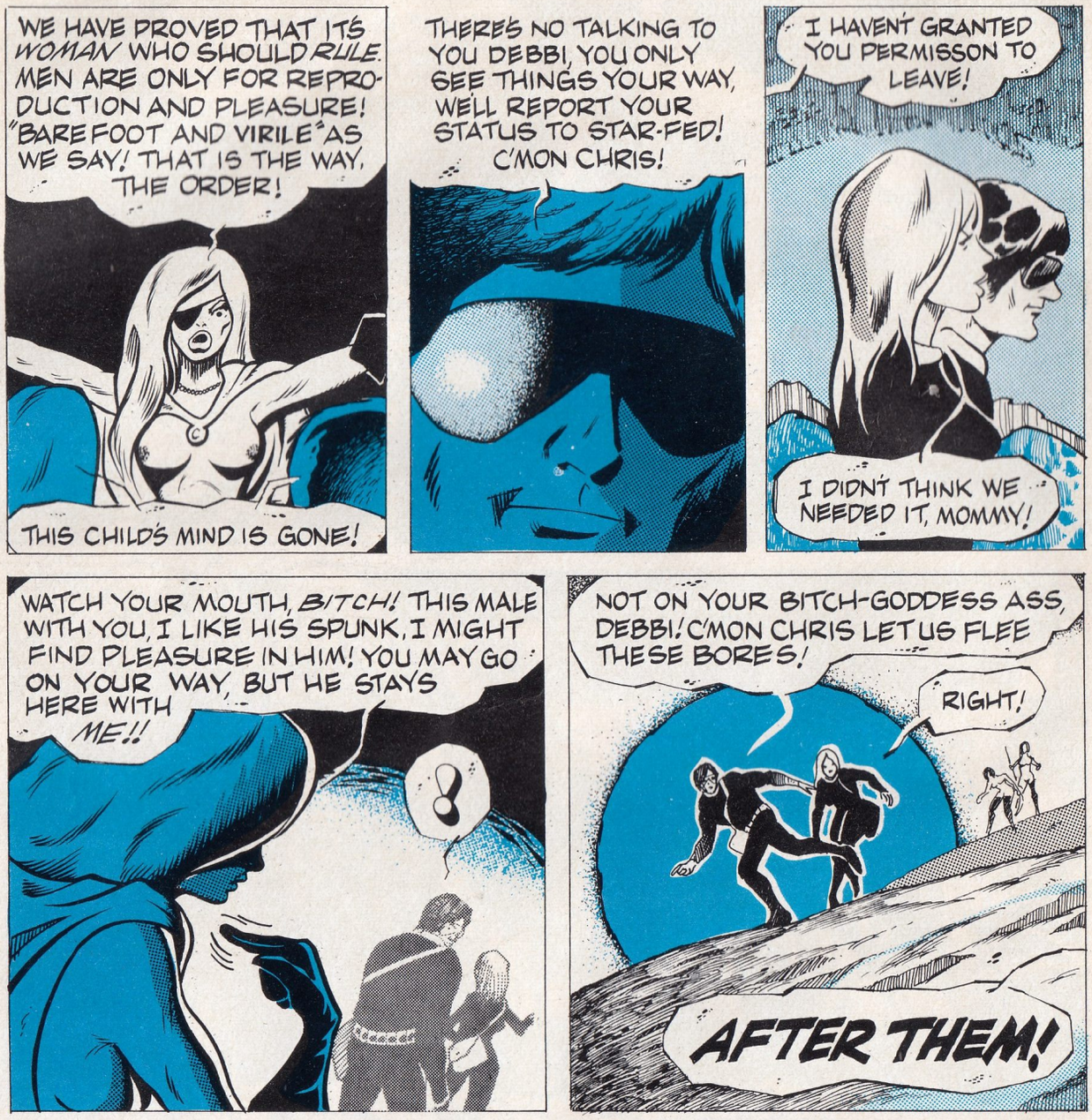
WE BEGAN TO REBEL, WE ORGANIZED! SMALL GROUPS AT FIRST! SLOWLY WE WORKED OUR WAY INTO AREAS WHICH WE WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE SMART OR STRONG ENOUGH TO HANDLE!
BRING ME THE TAYLOR FILE!
RIGHT AWAY, MAM!


THEN CAME FASHION, SPORTS, THE ARTS AND MEDICINE... IT WAS SIMPLE TO BEGIN TIPPING THE SCALES... MORE WOMEN, LESS MEN!
UH... I HOPE... IT'S A UH BOY THIS AH TIME!
WITH MY SECRET SELECTION PILLS *THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN!*

MILITANT GROUPS TOOK OVER! WOMAN HAD COME INTO HER OWN! ONCE WE HAD CONTROL OF EDUCATION... IT WAS ALL OVER! WE DID AWAY WITH USELESS INDUSTRY, POLLUTION AND ALL THE MESS CREATED BY *MEN!*


HOBOY! A TRUE BELIEVER!
HOLY NOVA! IT'S THE WOMEN'S LIB MOVEMENT OF THE 70'S GONE COMPLETELY *BANANAS!*


BUT LETS TALK LATER, COME, YOU MUST MEET DEBBI, OUR QUEEN!
DEBBI?
TONIGHT IS OUR MONTHLY PARTY... WE ALLOW THE MEN TO COME, EVERYONE WILL...
DON'TCHA JUST LOVE IT, BABY?
THIS IS DISGUSTING!
DON'T GIVE ME THAT "I DON'T FEEL GOOD" STORY OR I'LL SLAP THE SHIT OUT OF YOU!... YOU LOVE IT AND YOU KNOW IT!
ALL HAIL DEBBI... QUEEN OF CLITRONIA!!
SO THAT'S THE NAME OF THIS PLACE!
IT LOOKS LIKE SHE'S THE ONLY BLONDE THAT'S HAVING ALL THE FUN!
ENOUGH! YOU WILL RELEASE THIS SISTER FROM HER BONDAGE!
BUT I'M NO SLAVE, I CHOSE THIS, I...
...NAIVE FOOL!!


WE HAVE PROVED THAT IT'S WOMAN WHO SHOULD RULE. MEN ARE ONLY FOR REPRODUCTION AND PLEASURE! "BAREFOOT AND VIRILE" AS WE SAY! THAT IS THE WAY, THE ORDER!
THIS CHILD'S MIND IS GONE!
THERE'S NO TALKING TO YOU DEBBI, YOU ONLY SEE THINGS YOUR WAY, WE'LL REPORT YOUR STATUS TO STAR-FED! C'MON CHRIS!
I HAVEN'T GRANTED YOU PERMISSON TO LEAVE!
I DIDN'T THINK WE NEEDED IT, MOMMY!
WATCH YOUR MOUTH, BITCH! THIS MALE WITH YOU, I LIKE HIS SPUNK, I MIGHT FIND PLEASURE IN HIM! YOU MAY GO ON YOUR WAY, BUT HE STAYS HERE WITH ME!!
?
NOT ON YOUR BITCH-GODDESS ASS, DEBBI! C'MON CHRIS LET US FLEE THESE BORES!
RIGHT!
AFTER THEM!
NEIL... THEY'RE GAINING ON US!
RUN LIKE HELL, IF WE CAN MAKE THE SHIP, WE'RE OKAY!
Can Chris & Neil escape from this crazed, chauvinistic planet? What plans does Debbi have for Neil? Stay tuned for part 2...
DENNIS EICHELSON
THE END 4 NOW

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*** **Your new Sexual Success System MUST give you dynamic control over women without you even trying—must get them to spread their thighs and invite your masterful strokes—or it won't cost you a penny!**

*** **Your new Sexual Success System MUST force women and girls to satisfy your every whim and desire—MUST force them to use their mouths, lips, tongue, breasts and vagina to drive you wild—or it won't cost you a penny!**

*** **Your new Sexual Success System MUST give you such stamina that you come again and again—each time with more powerful thrusts—or it won't cost you a penny.**

Just imagine how you will feel when you and your lover finally rest and she sighs: "Oh God, that was wonderful. Thank you. Thank you!"

Yes. Your new **Sexual Success System** MUST bring you and your lover to undreamed of peaks of passion—**the writhing ecstasy of complete erotic expression and joy**—within just 30 days—or it won't cost you a penny!

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Obey that impulse to become a dynamic, potent, sexual powerhouse. Don't spend another evening without your new-found powers! Mail the coupon as soon as you can—TODAY if possible.

Make check payable and mail to
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Bronxville, New York 10708

Yes, I want to become a Sexual Powerhouse--Guaranteed!

Please rush me my new Sexual Success System: "How To Make It With Women" at once—in a plain package. Here is my $10 as payment in full. I MUST be 100% satisfied or I get every penny of my money back—no questions asked.

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your turn

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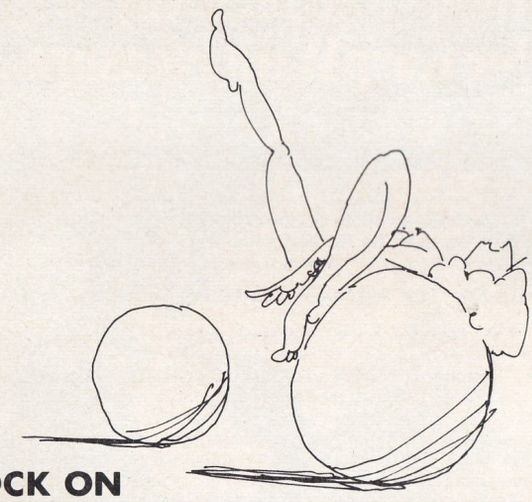


ROCK ON

Last Christmas I worked in a large department store. I was pretty lonely and my job as fashion accessories manager wasn't particularly exciting. In fact, excitement had been missing from more than my wardrobe for the past three months.

One day, while waiting to pay for my egg salad sandwich in the employee's cafeteria, I bumped into the department store Santa Claus. I could tell that he was kind of cute, even though he was hidden behind a beard of cotton batting. We ended up sitting together and chatting. We finally got around to what gifts we were giving friends and relatives for Christmas. He said he was giving his girl friend an expensive scarf and belt because he loved to hold her waist and kiss her neck. I told him I was giving my boy friend nothing because I loved nothing about him. In fact, I had just broken up with him. Then I admitted that I was super lonely and very horny. That remark brought on a couple of ho-ho-ho's as he went into his Santa Claus act. I was about to tell him to go fuck his reindeer when he leaned over with a real twinkle in his eye and asked me what I wanted for Christmas.

I leaned back in my wobbly chair and said in a clear, crisp, voice, "Gold-plated Ben-Wa balls."

He choked a bit on his watery hot chocolate, regained his composure, recovered from his disappointment at not being asked for a jolly red fuck, and then started telling me about his sexual experiences in the Mideast during the war. Well, this Santa was weird, but his stories did make my sandwich go down more easily.

The following week I heard that Santa had been fired for swearing at a little boy who had bitten old Kris Kringle in the bingle. I was working late the night after that vicious attack, and I was busy enough so that I didn't immediately notice the small red box next to the cash register. A tiny card bore my name, followed by "Ho-Ho-Ho." The box was heavy for its size, but I was so tired that I just stuffed it into my purse.

Later that night, after a hot shower, a

hot toddy and a hot fantasy about fucking the Dali Lama in Shangri-la, I laid my aching body between satin sheets and a down comforter and closed my eyes. I suddenly remembered my present! I leaped out of bed and went in search of my purse, and the present from the "jolly red knight."

I gently tore the ribbon off and opened the lid. There they were, just as Santa had twinkled—gold-plated Ben-Wa's. Ooh, what would I do first? I decided to read the directions, which seemed simple enough. "Insert deep into the vagina and move." I prepared to join my Oriental sisters, who in the past had partaken of the pleasures of placing two solid balls within their mysterious love canals and felt orgasmic sensations from the motion.

I touched myself tenderly, licked my lips and shoulders, fondled my breasts, my hips, the insides of my thighs, all in anticipation of entry. I slipped the two glittering balls out of sight into my vagina and used a finger to guide them into the deepest recesses of my sexual cave. I moved my hips up and down while summoning images of hot, sweaty male bodies.

The only sweat that materialized was cold and it was running down my temples. I didn't feel anything. What if I had put them in too deeply? What if they wouldn't come out!!! What if I had to go to a clinic and ask them to remove these exotic balls from my accessories-manager pussy? Panic set in.

I finally managed to squeeze out one ball, but the other one remained lodged, even when I jumped up and down. What could be worse than having one Ben-Wa ball lost forever inside of me? I was blind with panic. I ran to the bathroom, looked in the mirror to be sure I still had my own face, remembering the time my grandmother had given 5-year-old me a little round vitamin pill. For some reason she told me not to put it in my nose, so I naturally went into another room and did just that. I now had the same feeling of panic I had experienced when I thought of people seeing me with that orange vitamin pill stuck up my left nostril.

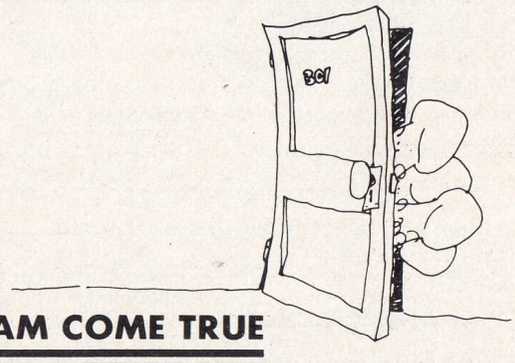
My vaginal muscles finally relaxed, and out rolled my tormentor. Oh, what relief. I sat down on the toilet and laughed and laughed. I then re-read the instructions at least six times, rationalizing why I had done it wrong and why I had punished myself with thoughts of clinics and vitamin pills. Then my eyes fell on the words "they would rock gently back and forth in rocking chairs."

I snatched my down quilt and settled into my cushioned oak rocker. After a few more caresses, I inserted my glitter balls into their rightful place and began moving evenly. It wasn't long before I noticed a loud banging. It was the sound of the rocker hitting the bare floor at a rapid pace. Then I was transported by the start of rolling orgasms. Not one little orgasm, not one big orgasm, but a steady roll of feelings and juices and heat and breathing that seemed to be coming from the balls themselves. Oooh, it was delicious.

Since that night I have repeated my experience many times, with vibrators as an extra part of the team, and even before the amazed gaze of a lover. It seems that the day after I rocked out for the first time, I emitted an "unusual glow" that attracted, I swear I'm not making this up, the buyer from our New York store whose name is Ben.

I think sometime next week I'll wear a super tight pair of jeans to work and wear my Ben-Wa's inside me. My new job entails designing neon signs so I might as well flow with the glow.

name withheld



DREAM COME TRUE

I'd like to submit a fantasy of mine that actually came true.

For years I've fantasized that I was in a

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room full of naked, erect young men who were embarrassed to be found in this condition. In my dream they were frantically covering themselves with their hands and crouching down to avoid showing their protruding equipment. This dream has given me some of my most enjoyable moments. Recently, it happened in real life.

My niece's college has an annual mother-daughter gathering each fall. Since her mother is deceased, my niece invited me to join her for the day.

As my niece later told me, it's traditional for the men on campus to somehow disrupt this get-together. In the past, balloons full of water were thrown through the windows and other fraternity-type pranks were pulled. This year was different.

As the crowd of women assembled in the student lounge, four naked young men wearing ski masks came streaking through the room, and then headed for an exit on the opposite side. Unfortunately for them, that door was locked. And, a quick-thinking coed locked the other two doors.

It soon dawned on these fellows that they were completely nude in a room full of about 60 women. Then, just as it is in my dreams, they began to cover themselves with their hands, frantically hiding and crouching. One of the mothers started to scream that these perverts should be arrested, but most of those present said, "No, let them stay." And stay they did.

The chairwoman of the day invited them to come closer to the group and say "hello." It was the most arousing thing I have ever seen: 60 women holding cups of tea, surrounded by four naked young men (all four juicily erect!). As we moved closer to them, some of the women brushed against their cocks, and believe me, that was the last straw! One of the guys grasped his cock and pleaded to be let out. I guess we all took pity on them (besides it looked like there would be at least one accident, any minute). When they left, I had to sit down—my legs were

trembling, and my pants were soaked through. This true-life fantasy is one I'll remember for a long time.

name withheld

ARRESTED

I hope that this letter will save at least one person from the pain I am going through.

In 1976 I was arrested at work, in front of my friends, for lewd and lascivious conduct. What I did was become sexually involved with my daughter. I would fondle her private parts and have her fondle mine. I am not proud of what I did.

I love my wife, but we were having marital problems—many sexual in nature. Unfortunately, we never talked about these problems with each other. Like a fool, I turned to my daughter for sexual gratification. I didn't want to be unfaithful to my wife with other women, so I used our daughter as a substitute for my wife's affections. This was the biggest mistake of my life. I didn't realize how much my wife loved me, nor how much I loved her.

My wife didn't know what was going on

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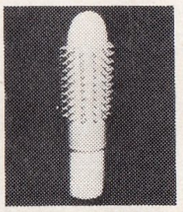

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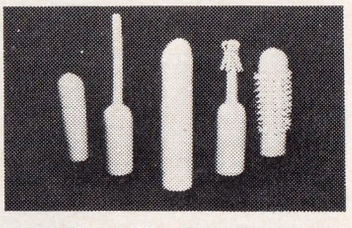

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until my daughter's school called her and told her what was happening at home. I don't know how they found out. They told her that she had to go to the police and report these acts or they'd do it themselves. She went to the police and told them what was going on, but said she didn't want me arrested. They told her that I would be no matter what. So she signed the complaint against me.

I was arrested and spent 10 days in jail. Then I was released on bail as long as I didn't go home. A week after my arrest, my daughter was taken from our home and sent to her grandparents' house. When she left, my wife became ill and hysterical. So I was allowed to go home and take care of her. I stayed there for five months until I had to serve my sentence.

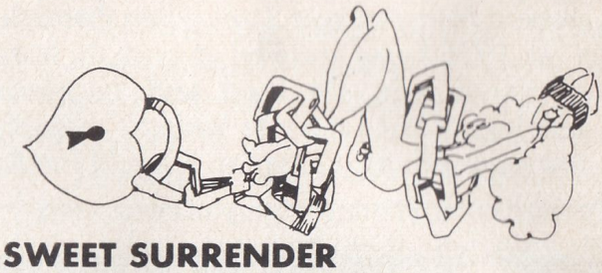
When I was home, I received a great deal of help from a group called Parents United. They counsel parents and children involved with crimes such as mine. I went to their meetings and received private counseling. My wife stood by me during this time and planned for the day I was released from prison and we could be reunited as a family.

I only have 34 days left in prison, but now my wife says that although she still loves me, she no longer wants me to return home. This may change with the help we receive from Parents United. I sincerely hope so. I want to return to my wife and family and be a good husband and father. Yet, I may have lost a family I dearly love because of some stupid acts on my part. I only know that I wish it'd never ever happened, and it never will again.

What my family and I have gone through is not worth it. In addition to the nine month jail sentence and five year probation period, I must register with the police as a known sex offender for the rest of my life no matter where I live. And many people convicted on similar charges receive much longer sentences than I did. I was fortunate.

If any of you are doing what I did, seek help before it's too late and you have to go through what I'm experiencing. There are people and groups who want to help. All you have to do is ask. The one I know of personally is Parents United, 840 Guadalupe Parkway, San Jose, CA 95110; 408/299-1475. If you need help, you must take the first step.

E. P.
San Jose, CA



SWEET SURRENDER

I suppose skiing is my favorite outdoor sport, but it's certainly not cheap exercise. It took me a few months of budgeting to organize last year's winter vacation.

It was fantastic!—the Utah powder perfect, our condominium convenient and comfortable, and my friends were fun-loving and easy-going. However, the man I'd been living with for the last three years had to work, so he couldn't join us. Joel was able to drive me to the airport. We parked and checked the luggage. Just before I boarded the plane with my friends, he pressed two one-hundred dollar bills into my hand.

"For you to splurge a little, because I know you won't otherwise."

I was speechless, because we had always tried to split living expenses 50-50. The gift was completely unsolicited, and I was afraid a little extravagant.

There was no time for protest, so I whispered, "Thanks, sugar daddy. I'll pay it back to you some way."

Two weeks later and home again! It had been a wonderful vacation but it was good to be back in my man's arms again at night. I'm not sure why, but the $200 kept tantalizing me. I voluntarily reminded him of my "debt," and pleaded that the only way to repay him would be to surrender myself to his service, his pleasure for a night, and to please spare nothing. After all, $200 earns quite a night!

Maybe it's my church up-bringing, maybe I'm just plain naive, but I'd com-

pletely forgotten about my proposition until the following Saturday afternoon. I had just returned from a weekly dance class. Joel had the most mischievous look on his face.

"We're going out tonight. I want you to wear something very elegant; something with a long skirt."

I spent the afternoon in preparation, bathing, curling, polishing, perfuming, and just as I was ready to dress, Joel asked me to wear my garter belt, sheer silk stockings, and high heels. There was something different about his voice, but I did as he said and walked into our bedroom. There was classical music playing, and he had opened a bottle of champagne. We toasted each other and the evening. I felt very mellow, and then he blindfolded me.

Somehow it seemed perfectly natural, and he guided me to a standing position somewhere at the other end of the room, speaking very softly and confidently. Joel bound my hands together, placed a gag in my mouth, and wrapped what felt and sounded like a chain around my waist, between my legs, (just tight enough to tease my clitoris), and around each ankle leaving a length slack for walking or otherwise. Then he hoisted my hands high and suspended me by something that must have been attached to the ceiling. His voice coaxed and complimented me. I knew he was taking pictures, because I heard the clicks. Then he unloosened the gag and blindfold.

I finished dressing in silence, he escorted me to his car, and drove to one of the finest Japanese restaurants in town, located high above the city. It was a weekend night, a weekend crowd, and I felt a little strange as I daintily stepped out, a flash and clink of chain under my long skirt.

It is impossible to express how I felt, walking, taking such short careful steps, (like a geisha), through a popular restaurant filled with a hundred people, winding between their tables, feeling the pressure and body-warmed harshness of a chain binding my waist, rubbing my pussy, cir-

continued on page 94

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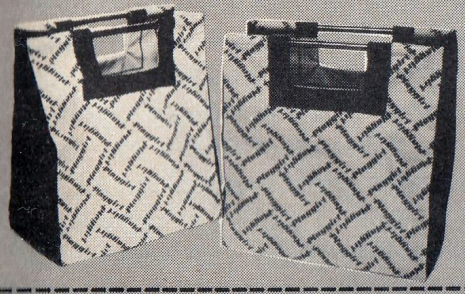

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AD-5/7

cling both ankles, and most finally cling-clanging with every step. Joel told me afterwards that I had a ladylike smile on my face. I know I was perfectly happy and content, even subservient, which is unusual for me. We ate sashimi and drank warm sake. Our eyes never left each other. Maybe we talked, and I remember humming as we drove home.

We pulled in the driveway, and he again bound my wrists and blindfolded me, then covered me with my hooded cape, leading me inside and upstairs to the bedroom. I was treated almost harshly, but his voice was gentle as he tied me spread-eagled on the bed and began to slowly, tortuously caress and kiss my breasts and pussy. The feeling and sound of his erect cock slapping against my thighs and digging into my stomach only drove me wilder. I could not touch or see him; only feel and hear and smell. Taking off the ropes, he turned me over and began to alternately spank and kiss my ass, finally ending by fucking me doggie-style, hard and furiously.

The next day Joel told me that it had been worth every cent of the $200, but to me the feeling of being a prized mistress was so erotic that I think I should be the one to pay him. **H.H.**

San Francisco, CA.

WANT NOW, HAVE NOW

I've been having so much fun ever since I gave up romantic love that I wanted to write to you and share my giggles. You see, I was really nuts over this guy who was into a "casual affair" with me. I tried to be cool about not getting involved, but I just hadn't reached that stage of my own personal development. So when I decided it was time to bring on the heavies, I also had to cope with getting over a broken heart. But I was beginning to believe my own rhetoric about "grabbing" what you want when you want it.

With this philosophical cloak and a velvet jumpsuit I swaggered into a party one Saturday night. The spirits at the party were high and the lights were low. A band was playing near the pool and the sound made me want to move and groove before I even took off my coat.

After chatting with friends I spotted a man. The man. The kind of man I'd been looking for all my life. He was broad, tall, dark and sweaty. He had a sly smile and the clearest black eyes that ever rested high above a size 18 collar. Instantly I became Suzie creamjeans. You know how it is when you spot someone who really turns you on and they see you at the same time and in the same way. I couldn't meet him half way fast enough. We said some things, they didn't matter. We walked to the bar and drank something I didn't even taste. We danced to Blood, Sweat and Tears and I can tell you that by then if I didn't get some sweat, there were going to be some tears.

While we were dancing real close, feeling each other's arms and thighs, I noticed that pungent smell that sometimes rises from my pussy when I'm horny. At first I was embarrassed and wanted to hide it. But after that confusing second was over, I realized that it might turn on this raven haired gypsy. So I spread my feet a little further apart and danced on. It wasn't long before the two of us had become engulfed in the salty, wet, warm smells that trigger that special kind of hunger two people can feel for each other when there are absolutely no restrictions toward pleasure.

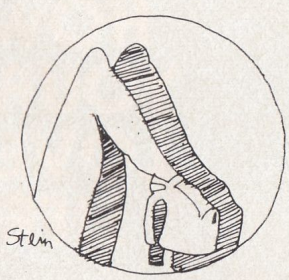
When he moaned slightly in reply to my knee nestling in his groin, I whispered that I wanted him to take me to a penthouse suite with a beautiful view of the city so we could watch the lights and fuck all night. He groaned again, then opened his eyes to make sure I was serious. Without speaking we danced off the floor and into his car outside.

We petted and necked all the way to the local Hilton. Vadim paid the bellboy 20 dollars to let us into the presidential suite. It had a breathtaking view so we imme-

diately turned out the lights and wiggled out of our sopping clothes.

Vadim had the firmest thighs and the biggest balls I had ever tasted. His dick was headed magnificently. His chest and arms were full of thick soft black down, but most beautiful of all was the way he just kept moving . . . every second he just kept moving and grooving. His tongue felt as big as his neck as he licked and tunneled my pussy. We fucked and fucked and screwed and sucked and rubbed and rocked and ran out of words for what to call it. When we had to rest, we laid across the huge king-size bed and gazed at the city lights and the black velvet water below, laughing and singing little tunes. Love had never been this fine. The strength of feeling good was there, the smiles, the kisses, the warmth. The relationship I was loving was an immediate thing. It didn't have to be anything except what it was. Tomorrow might bring Bombay or New York or a familiar routine. It didn't matter. We were just two people grooving on the love of sex, dripping with feelings and not fearing any loss. It was so beautiful that it was almost spiritual, if you want to call hilarity a religion. Our spirits sure were high. Now it seems that many of my experiences, though not always so intense, have some element of the immediate in them. I have become very comfortable with this feeling and know I have gained tremendously.

name withheld



SEARCHLIGHT

It is sometimes hard for me to believe that the most intense, wildest sexual experience in my life did not involve any "physical" touching, although there were two of us involved.

My ex-husband and I had been divorced for almost a year, but found ourselves enjoying more numerous and intimate phone calls. During one of these calls (I do

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not remember who called whom), he casually suggested that it might be nice if we attended a party that was being given by a couple we'd been very close to during our marriage. I agreed and almost felt like a young girl being asked out on a first date.

The party was completely enjoyable; good friends, music, delicious food, wine, and warm feelings. Just before leaving, my ex-husband and I smoked a joint of "Thai stick," a particularly potent form of marijuana, and in a delightful crazy mood we drove "home" laughing.

We pulled up to his small hillside house which was completely dark; not even a porch light had been left on. He swooped me up into his arms which made me laugh even more, especially as he struggled to unlock the front door. It was very quiet inside and velvety black. Before bothering to turn the lights on, he gently laid me on the couch. My eyes were closed. There was no need to keep them open. I could see nothing, and heard only his breathing and a few footsteps as he walked away from me. Then without warning, I felt a caress, a feather-light sensation skimming over my body. I was completely mystified and opened my eyes to see the beam of a flashlight shining about 10 feet away. I closed my eyes again, and without either of us saying a word, the caresses began again, this time over my legs and hips. I slipped out of my skirt and panties and felt the presence of "his" touch even more intensely on my bare skin. There was an almost electric tingling sliding slowly across my belly.

Almost as if on command, I unbuttoned my blouse and let it fall open exposing my bare breasts. The beam moved first to one breast and then the other, making slow circular motions around each, and then concentrating on each nipple with quick flickering movements. My back arched up reflexively, so that I could feel even more of this exquisite massage. My groin was starting to throb and I felt the beginning of hot moisture between my legs.

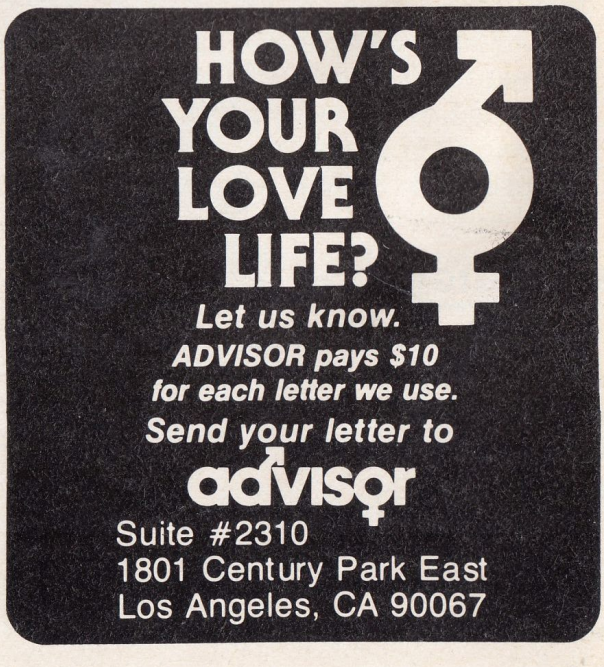
By then I had completely surrendered to my excitement; my head was tilted back, legs bent, and knees apart, the heels of my shoes digging into the velvet couch almost viciously. The beam was now licking at my inner thighs. I spread my knees even further, and it gloriously travelled to my now throbbing pussy. I had raised my pelvis, slowly rocking it back and forth, almost crazy for relief, but just as I was about to begin to masturbate myself, it found the entrance to my vagina. The inner lips felt swollen, so I pushed myself up even farther to receive I do not know what!—a white hot pole!—Superman!?

I felt dizzy with pleasure and moved up and down with the rhythm that was becoming faster and more powerful. My body grew rigid. From very far away I could hear my cries, and red stars were flashing before my eyes. It seemed as if I would never stop coming, but the tremendous beating of my heart and a very dry mouth brought me back to "reality." Only then did my ex-husband (flashlight off) walk the five or ten steps over to where I lay completely spent and satisfied on the couch in the dark living room.

I unbuckled his belt expecting to find and grasp what I believed would be his very large erect cock, but found it only half-hard, swimming in his own come.

I do not believe the experience can ever be duplicated precisely, but just thinking about it carries me away to some magic place inside myself where anything seems possible.

C.F.
Eugene, OR



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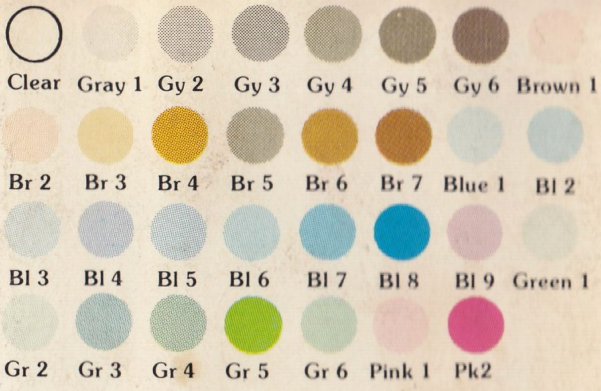

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